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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Bridgewater Treatises. Treatise VIII. Chemistry, Meteorology, and the Function of Digestion, considered with reference to Natural Theology. By William Prout, M.D., F.R.S., &c. 8vo. pp. 564. London, 1834. Pickering.

If our notices of the treatises which have already appeared, we have repeatedly protested against the strange allotment of subjects—division it cannot be called. We have another instance of it now before us. Dr. Prout is appointed to treat of the function of digestion, as if it did not belong to Dr. Roget's department of animal and vegetable physiology; and he is thus led to offer opinions which it is not improbable the latter gentleman may see reason to controvert; and thus the discrepancies, in a series of essays originally intended to serve one end, would tend only to the general detriment of the argument. Instead of a symmetrical and harmonious whole, we may have a mass of incongruity; subjects which should have been merely alluded to in illustration, brought prominently forward, while others of more importance are thrown back. The different pieces of a mosaic may be individually beautiful, yet deformity may be the result of their disordered collocation. We shall not here recur further to this topic; but turn to the treatise before us.

It might at first sight appear an arduous task imposed upon Dr. Prout, to make meteorology the connecting link between chemistry and digestion—a place in which it seems to be rather an intruder than otherwise; this, however, he has executed in a mode equally ingenious and successful. Commencing with the constitution of inorganised bodies, he takes occasion to develop a very beautiful and plausible theory concerning the arrangement of their atoms or molecules. This, perhaps, may be thought to be rather out of place; for it was his province to treat of what is, and not what may be; but as he calls it to his aid in the explanation of various phenomena inexplicable, to the best of our knowledge, without it, we can hardly regret its introduction. He conceives each molecule to be a sphere possessed of two kinds of polarity, the one axial, or chemical, the other, equatorial, or cohesive; the former determining the union of *dissimilar* molecules of matter, the latter causing the simple cohesion of similar molecules. By the different arrangements of these axes, caused by the interposition of heat, he explains the phenomena of crystallisation, solidity, fluidity, and the gaseous state. The following extract is a recapitulation of the arguments.

1. In the first place, we attempted to shew that the forces which determine molecular union can scarcely be those of mere gravitation, in their ordinary forms at least; but that some other modification of force is necessary to account for the phenomena. 2. By assuming the molecules of bodies to be virtually spheroidal, and endowed with two kinds of polarising forces, the one operating axially, and the other

equatorially, we attempted to shew how the phenomena of simple crystallisation might be explained; and we corroborated our argument by demonstrating that the electric and magnetic forces are actually related to each other, precisely as we assumed the energies of our molecules to be. Hence we ventured to draw the conclusion, that electricity and magnetism, if not identical with, at least represent, or are analogous to, those forces, the existence of which among ponderable bodies we assumed as necessary to account for the phenomena of crystallisation. Further, we attempted to render it probable that the molecules of the imponderable principles, heat and light, possess polarities precisely analogous to those of ponderable bodies, and that many of their peculiar phenomena depend upon these polarities. 3. In attempting to account for the different forms assumed by bodies, we supposed that in the solid form the molecules are so arranged as to attract each other according to certain laws; that in the liquid form they are so arranged as neither to attract nor repel each other; and that in the gaseous form the arrangement of the energies of the molecules is such as to render them mutually repulsive. Further, by assuming that those molecules which possess the property of attracting each other in the solid form in preference to others, retain a similar relation in the gaseous form, and repel each other in preference to others, we attempted to account for many of the well-known phenomena of gaseous bodies. 4. Lastly, we attempted to shew that the phenomena of radiation among the molecules of imponderable bodies, are precisely analogous to the phenomena of diffusion and mixture among the molecules of ponderable bodies when in the liquid and gaseous states; and that consequently the same laws are strictly applicable to both."

From the divisibility of matter, and its molecular constitution, he argues against its eternity.

"Although we can form no idea of what matter would be without its molecular properties, there is yet nothing in these properties which can induce us to believe that they are necessary to the mere existence of matter. On the contrary, we have seen that matter possesses qualities (those of gravitation) of a more primordial kind, to which its molecular properties are apparently secondary or subordinate. But if these subordinate properties be not necessary to the existence of matter, matter might possibly at some time have existed without them. Now this very possibility is incompatible with eternal existence; for eternal (passive) existence necessarily involves incapability of change. Hence the molecular constitution of matter, even in this point of view, must be supposed to have had a beginning; and when we consider the leading and characteristic property of matter in the molecular state, viz. the endless repetition of exactly similar parts, the difficulty of arriving at any other conclusion is exceedingly increased. It is to be observed also, that the above remarks apply to the supposition of only

one form of matter; but we shall see hereafter that chemists recognise upwards of fifty forms of matter, all of an elementary character; at least we cannot at present say that one of these forms is more elementary than another. Again, the number of molecules in each of these elementary principles, great as it is, is limited; the properties of the molecules also are fixed and definite; all which circumstances throw further insurmountable difficulties in the way of the supposition, that the whole have existed, as they now exist, from eternity. For how has it happened, it may be asked, that the number and properties of the elements, and the molecules of which they consist, are just what the economy of nature requires, and neither greater, nor less, nor different? How has it happened, that what is supposed to be infinite in some respects, should be finite and limited in those respects in which we are actually able to trace them; and what is more, most luckily finite and limited just where they appear to be required to be so? He who can satisfactorily answer these questions may contend with some prospect of success for the eternity of matter and its properties in their present form. In the mean time, we assert without fear of contradiction, that the molecular constitution of matter is decidedly artificial; or, to use the words of a celebrated writer, that the molecules of matter have all 'the essential characters of a manufactured article,' and consequently are not eternal."

Upon these principles he discusses and explains the various phenomena exhibited by the atmosphere and water, as being of the greatest importance to man. He deduces an argument for design from the adjustment of their quality and quantity, any derangement of which would entail the destruction of our globe.

"Let us consider (he says), for a moment, and by way of illustration, what would happen if the qualities of water or of air were to undergo a change: were, for example, the important fluid water to become sour or sweet, or heavier or lighter, or indeed any thing but what it is; or were the air of the atmosphere to acquire odour or colour, or to become opaque; by either of such changes, slight as they appear, the whole of the present economy of nature would be deranged. Again, if the qualities of the acid existing in the common salt of the ocean were to become so modified as to quit the alkali with which it is at present associated, and to combine with the limestone composing our rocks; while the carbonic acid, thus set free, was diffused through the atmosphere: in such a case a large part of the solid crust of our globe would rapidly disappear and become dissolved in the waters of the ocean, which would thus be totally unfit for their present purposes; while the liberated carbonic acid would instantly prove fatal to animal life. Such would be the consequences of these trifling changes in the qualities of a few substances only; nor is it possible scarcely to conceive any other change that would not be attended with similar results."

He then proceeds to shew the important arguments to be derived from *prior arrangements* and subsequent adaptations of creation to those arrangements. The following we think a very striking passage, and highly illustrative of the general tone of Dr. Prout's train of reasoning: —

" The prior existence of water and air as compared with that of plants and animals, is established by the fact, that water and air can exist without plants and animals, but that plants and animals cannot exist without water and air. Hence as water and air must have existed with all their present properties before plants and animals were created, the question naturally arises, how water and air came to be endowed with their present properties? We suppose that water and air were created with their present properties, with reference to the future existence of plants and animals; and on this supposition the whole becomes intelligible. Further, that this is the true explanation; and that water and air have not obtained their present properties by chance or accident, is rendered still more probable by the following considerations. We have said that water and air can exist without plants and animals; now, as far as we know, water and air might have existed for ever without plants and animals; at least the contrary cannot be proved or even rendered probable. Moreover, plants and animals, as involving new principles of a higher order (those of life), never could, by any law of nature, necessary or probable, have resulted from an inferior agency. Hence there is no necessary relation of cause and effect between the prior existence of water and air, and the subsequent existence of plants and animals; as some seem to have supposed. Hence, too, it follows irresistibly, that plants and animals have been created, and their properties adapted to those of water and of air at some subsequent period, and by some external and superior agent. But the agent that could thus create plants and animals, could surely have created the water and air likewise; nay, must have done so; for, as the prior and subsequent creations taken together, evidently form but different parts of one and the same general design, the whole design must have been the work of one and the same intelligent Agent."

We might multiply extracts; but we must for the present take leave of our author; — and in the meanwhile we assure our readers, that they will derive a large portion of instruction and delight from the perusal of his volume.

Excursions in the North of Europe, through parts of Russia, Finland, Sweden, Denmark, and Norway, in the years 1830 and 1833.
By John Barrow, jun. Pp. 380. London, 1834. Murray.

THOUGH it be only to shake hands, we feel a sincere delight in welcoming the son of a literary man who has greatly distinguished himself by his talents, into the same field in which his sire has reaped so much honour, and contributed so largely to the public gratification and instruction. That John Barrow, jun. may be what the Scotch call "Cooper of Foggo" (i. e. his father's better) is our hearty wish; and we shall only add, that his first volume affords exceedingly fair promise.

Making the best use of a few months' holy-days, our youthful traveller skinned over Hamburg, Petersburgh, Moscow, Stockholm, Copenhagen, in one excursion; and a considerable portion of Norway, from Christiania to Bergen, and thence to Drontheim (pronounced Tronjem) and back again, in another. From the latter we shall copy all that we have at

present time and space for, being unable even to think of the picturesque scenery and descriptions, in illustration of his pleasing production. At Christiania the Storthing was sitting; and the author says —

" I never saw an assemblage of men wearing the appearance of sages so strongly as these members of the Storthing. They were mostly of a certain age; clad generally in coarse grey woollen coats, their hair long, and flowing over their shoulders; and their whole deportment grave, sober, and intent on the business before them. The president was reading a paper, which lasted the whole time we were there, and of which each member appeared to have a printed copy. What the subject was I know not, but it seemed to occupy their whole attention: there was no moving about, but all kept their seats, with their hats off, and observed the greatest silence and decorum."

Travelling is very cheap — a fraction above sixpence per English mile for four horses, and including every other expense, *avant-courier* or forebod, servant, &c.

" The Norwegian currency is not very complex: the following is the relative value of it: —

6 paper Dollars	are about equal to	11. 0s. 0d.
1 Dollar	is	0 3 4
1 Dollar	is	0 1 8
An Orr or Mark, which is 24 Skillings	is	0 0 8
3 Skillings	is	0 0 1

Blue-coloured notes are made use of when the value of each is equal to five dollars, and yellow when they are each ten dollars. The notes are small in size, which is one advantage over those of Sweden; but they are in general equally dirty and ragged, (which could not well be otherwise, considering the many hands they pass through,) and are often torn into two or three pieces. It is no uncommon thing in handling them to find a pin (by which the fragments are united) running into the palm of one's hand."

Characteristics of the People, &c. — "Although the corn-brandy is so plentiful and cheap, and great quantities are consumed, yet drunkenness is a vice not common among the Norwegians. On the contrary, it is a remarkable fact that the only man I have seen tipsy since I left England was one of our own countrymen, who was on board the steam-packet, on leaving the Tower Stairs, — and a Swede. The Norwegians are as little addicted to the use of the tobacco-leaf as to spirits, except, like our seamen, in chewing it; and excepting also the gentry of the towns, who make no ceremony in smoking their pipes among ladies in their drawing-rooms. The peasantry, however, smoke but little; and I do not ever remember to have seen any of them taking snuff."

Approaching Bergen, Mr. B. says: "We had just been seven days in performing the journey, which is about three hundred and thirty English miles; and throughout the whole of this distance almost every mile exhibited scenery of great picturesque beauty, or romantic grandeur, unequalled, perhaps, taking the same extent, in any part of the globe; but it was singular enough that in all this distance we neither met nor were overtaken by a single human being travelling to or from his home, except a party near Bergen going to church."

The route from Bergen to Leervig, and thence to Drontheim, was one little, if at all, explored by English travellers. It was poor and desolate in every respect, and the accommodation of the sorriest kind.

" The poor peasantry (says Mr. B.), along our present route, appeared to be in worse circumstances as we proceeded. Nothing could well exceed the marks of poverty which were exhibited in the interior of the wretched hovel

at this place. All the stations, indeed, we had hitherto passed in this route were miserable enough, but this was more divested of every thing like comfort than any which had before occurred. The whole family were partaking of their sorry meal whilst we remained. The poor old father had a house full of children, some of them grown up, and others mere infants; he was so pale and sickly, and so famished in his appearance, as to remind us of Shakespeare's apothecary —

" meagre were his looks,
Sharp misery had worn him to the bone."

There was a fixed melancholy in his countenance which seemed to be that of one whose hopes had been blighted; and he occasionally uttered an involuntary sigh, as if to say, that his life was of no more use to any one in this world. The younger male part of the family had a large bowl of oatmeal porridge to themselves, which they ate with great avidity with their wooden spoons, much in the same manner as is usual with the Russian peasantry, filling them one after another in rapid but regular succession. The women were similarly occupied; and we remarked that every one of the party, after they had finished their meal, were seized with violent hiccups, probably attributable to their rapidity of eating. One of the women, who was seated from the rest, seemed to have charge of the younger children. She was busily employed in rocking one of them in a cradle, and in feeding two little girls as well as herself, and a large dog, who also shared with them. Not a word was spoken by any one of them during the whole meal. For ourselves, we were unable to procure any thing for breakfast but some sour milk and oatcakes of the most coarse description."

At Drontheim they would neither take English bank-notes nor sovereigns; and this is the more extraordinary, as the author tells us,

" Most of the lower class can read and write, and *Bible* and *Psalter* may be found in every house. But we were not prepared to meet, in this northern city, in the latitude of 63° N., so many of the more respectable part of the inhabitants well acquainted with, and conversant in, the English language; and still less could we have expected to find how well-informed they were in regard to passing events in England, in which they appeared to take a more than common interest. They knew perfectly well who had spoken on such and such a question in the House of Commons, and which side he took in the debate. Both here and in Bergen, every thing that relates to England seemed to create a deep interest. We are told by certain travel-writers that Englishmen are hated in foreign countries. I am proud to say I never experienced it; and I am inclined to think the discovery must have been made by some of those who had brought on themselves by their conduct that feeling."

Towards the close of his journey, Mr. Barrow repeats the result of his own and Mr. Rouse's (his intelligent companion's) observations.

" Both my companion and myself took a peculiar interest in the Norwegian part of our excursions. There is no country which I have hitherto visited, where nature appears to have done so much to make it agreeable, and man so little to make it what may be called comfortable; none where I have been so much impressed with the grandeur of the scenery, and the honest simplicity of the natives."

" We invariably found the lower class simple and open-hearted, inclined to be very friendly, and always cheerful. Even those whom we saw in parts where their livelihood was earned

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most hardly, and who in winter must be reduced to almost absolute starvation, were nevertheless happy and contented. Black bread of barley or rye, with milk and butter, and sometimes little dried or salted fish, constitute their daily fare. Butcher's meat is out of the question ; thousands know not what it is, and the majority very rarely taste it. In the whole of our tour, excepting at Christiania, Bergen, and Tronyem, we never met with a single morsel of it. The happy and contented disposition of these single-minded people, under all their privations, might afford an instructive lesson to those who have been pampered in cities, and surrounded by all the luxuries they could desire, and yet are discontented, and far from enjoying that degree of happiness which falls to the lot of these poor Norwegian mountaineers. They afford a practical exemplification of what the poet has so beautifully expressed—

‘ Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long.’

One thing only disappointed us, and that was, the scarcity of birds and other animals that range under the head of *fera natura* ; in fact, we met with nothing of the kind.’

In conclusion, we have only to repeat our gratulations to our new author ; and state that his tour is embellished with a number of clever and characteristic sketches.

Eustace Conway ; or, the Brother and Sister.
3 vols. 12mo. London, 1834. Bentley.
Clown ; a Tale of Married Life. 2 vols. 12mo.
London, 1834. Wilson.

From the earliest period philosophy has pressed fiction into her service ; by poetry and parables the first truths were made popular. Fables, too, were among the earliest vehicles of politics—witness Jotham's apologue of the trees, who bade one of their number arise and rule over them ; and the classical and convincing fable of Menippus : so that when the novels of our time develop a system of metaphysics, or the errors of the poor-laws, they have at least high and ancient example to plead as authority. Formerly “ brevity was the soul of wit,” and a short story sufficed. Now, whatever the soul has done, the body has, at all events, expanded ; our ideas require the extension of three volumes. The works before us belong especially to the present day, when every set has its system, and every reformer his theory. Well, though we hold that good and evil are more equally balanced than it is quite the fashion to admit now-a-days, and that errors are oftener changed than eradicated ; still we are warm friends of discussion. Discussion turns up the soil afresh, and sends forth the crop with new vigour ; weeds may spring up too, but still the labour will repay itself. Novels being, like britchkas, the fashionable carriages for circulating ourselves or our ideas, it is not to be supposed that planners for the regeneration of the human race would neglect such light and easy vehicles. The works now before us are of a class “ philosophical to the last degree.” *Clown* is the production of an accomplished and finely minded woman, who believes that the present position of her sex might be altered to great advantage. We fear the scheme has some difficulties to meet in the way of execution ; but, in the mean time, it has produced two very agreeable volumes, full of good feeling, and abounding in shrewd and sensible remarks. Its worst fault is, that the story lacks interest.

Eustace Conway is a production of another spirit ; it is a satire on the many philosophical,

metaphysical, and legislative manias of its time. It is the history of a youth, swayed first by one set of doctrines and then by another. He is a sentimental, then a utilitarian ; is benevolent with Wordsworth, or useful with Bentham. He becomes a sceptic, then a spiritualist ; and, as a final cure—many causes for one effect—is wounded in a duel, crossed in love, goes a little mad, and is at last brought back to his senses, partly by the bright eyes of a pretty cousin, and partly to end the book, for we frankly own we do not clearly comprehend the last portion. The sister is a very charming person—feminine, rational, religious, and warm-hearted, with a dash of romance, which every woman ought to have. Such are the individuals who give their name to these pages, and both characters are drawn with great truth and spirit. The effects of experience and the first lessons of society are well developed in each. But the story is wretched, equally forced, unnatural, and unconnected. Mrs. Hartenfield's portrait is a complete failure—so is that of Captain Marryatt. Our author does not succeed in villainy ; there is not sufficient motive for the various actions ; and, at last, there is far too much left unaccounted for by those obvious necessities, why's and wherefore's. The whole work gives us the idea of a person who has read more than he has seen. Still, it possesses a vast deal of talent ; there is material enough for a series of essays, a set of pamphlets, and fifty after-dinner conversations. One of the most original conceptions is the character of a little girl, who has been educated by way of an experiment—at once ignorant, learned, childish, and perverted. It is like nothing we know ; but has that vitality about it which in a fictitious sketch leaves upon the reader's mind the impression that it is taken from life.

The following miscellaneous extracts will give an idea of *Eustace Conway*'s most miscellaneous contents :—

How to acquire truly English Tastes.—“ The fool who has just left us, imagined that, in order to be a true English squire, one must have been a fixture in the soil from childhood upward. Now, if I wanted to make a man English in his heart's core, I would place him in the suite of an ambassador. That was my training till I was nearly thirty ; and I will answer for it that none of the aborigines love the land as I do. I hear them talk of hearths and homes, green fields and cottages, at contested elections ; but to me these words are charms. I can never utter them myself without feeling a thrill through my heart ; and when they do not produce that effect upon me in the conversation of others, the use of them seems to me profane.”

Pretty Landscape, with Reflections.—“ The moon, which was near the full, had risen before Honoria entered the park. It now wore its clearest, coldest look. The wind was howling an autumn dirge through the trees, but the leaves that dropped so heavily and solemnly, or floated for a moment in the air, as if reluctantly submitting to their destiny, seemed to have been stolen from them without its agency. The drier heaps, which nestled beneath, caught, as they were driven along, some faint smile from the moon, and seemed to linger an instant, that they might enjoy it. From the openings between the branches they could see a meadow covered with a thin filmy whiteness, and here and there a few fawns crouching under some ancient elms that were thinly scattered around its extremities. The night seemed to accord with the tone of Miss Vyvyan's conversation, and Honoria felt a

painful pressure on her spirits ; but when she looked at the massive oaks, whose broad arms seemed made to cast the shadows of the moonlight,—when she reached the hall, and thought how much more venerable its cumbrous architecture looked for the darkness,—when she saw the sacred solemnity of the chapel by its side,—she took comfort, and asked herself why there may not be human characters which, though no sunshine lighten or warm them, will come into beautiful relief when all around is sadness and gloom.”

A First Speech discussed, or a Specimen of Common Conversation.—“ Young Miltown made his first speech last night,” said the nobleman ; “ a very successful commencement, I am informed.” “ Did your lordship hear that from good authority ? ” inquired Mr. Nugent. “ From his uncle, the India director. He is a little partial, I suppose, but a good, sensible judge on the whole, and has heard the best speeches of the day. Is your account different ? ” “ I had the misfortune to be present ; and though I dare not set up my poor judgment in opposition to the canons of Leadenhall Street, I must say, that I would not again see a friend so expose himself for the world.” “ Is he a friend of yours ? ” “ Yes ; there are few men for whom I have more esteem ; but I felt convinced that speaking was not his *forte*, and last night he sadly confirmed my conjecture.” “ Did he actually break down, or merely become confused, as all young speakers, according to Mr. Fox, should do on their first appearance ? ” said Mr. Hartenfield. The Honourable Mr. Nugent looked somewhat restless ; for, as he had not been the least confused on his first appearance, but had said off his speech as well as the best-prepared school-boy, he was somewhat perplexed to find that he lay under the ban of the greatest of modern orators. His annoyance for himself did not increase his tenderness for his friend. “ I wish I could say that,” he replied ; “ but I fear it must be pronounced a total failure. The first few minutes went off tolerably, in spite of some ominous sentences about magnitude of the subject and consciousness of inability ; but when he came to the argument—” “ A failure there I should think, very venial in a young orator,” said the nobleman. “ Perhaps so : only when a speaker introduces a syllogism in which the minor has no connexion with the major, nor the conclusion with either—or a dilemma of which both horns are equally innocent,—we Oxford members are apt to take the alarm. However, we might have overlooked any little offences of that sort, and also a dozen or more sentences, each beginning—” “ Now, Mr. Speaker,” and finishing no where, if in an evil hour he had not ventured upon a simile.” “ That is always a dangerous experiment to a young speaker,” said the Marquis of M.—. “ And never more fatal, my lord, than on this occasion : yet there was something sublime in the desperation with which he plunged on, after it was quite evident that both the illustration and the thing to be illustrated were gone from him. The glittering rays of the sun, in the very first sentence of the simile, were illuminating the blood that was running in cataracts down the pillars of civil and religious liberty ; and before I left the house, the upas-tree had winged a dagger into the riven side of the constitution bequeathed us by our fathers.”

A Philosopher and his Sister, and a Conversation.—“ Rumbold's face was sharp and angular, deeply indented with lines, which, about the mouth, were very singular. His eyes were sunken and very keen, though by no means brilliant ; the forehead neither high nor wide,

but full and projecting; his figure tall and slight, but muscular. By his side sat a small dark-haired little creature, with so strange a physiognomy, that Eustace, in spite of his anxiety about Rumbold, could not for some time withdraw his eyes from her. What her countenance, which was extremely like her brother's in several of the features, principally indicated, he could not determine; but something there was in every look most perplexing and unnatural. She often fixed her eyes upon him, and it was not that bashful, half-smiling gaze which most children's countenances assume in looking at a stranger, but a settled stare, which made Eustace quail more than any older eyes he remembered. When they entered, she was reading Greek to her brother. Morton took up the book, after Eustace and Rumbold had exchanged formalities, and said, 'I perceive you do not agree in some sentiments which Conway and I were entertained with, a few nights ago, at —'s, by your acquaintance, Newton.' 'Does Newton utter sentiments?' 'Most valiant ones! He informed us that the Greeks had not a single philosopher!' 'Poor boy!' 'And, to my astonishment, fortified himself by your authority?' 'I may have told him so,' replied Rumbold, 'being fully persuaded that, for a man without understanding, lies are the best medium of instruction.' 'I think your system has not succeeded with the party we met this evening.' 'The fault is not mine. I found that my pupils had tongues, and I cultivated them. I am not accountable for the parsimony of nature in denying them the other organs.' 'But, is it not better that animals which have only this speaking faculty should be taught to utter truths rather than falsehoods?' said Eustace. 'No doubt; but *quare* the possibility? If I tell him a truth, the chances are at least five thousand to one that he perverts it, and thereby spoils what is valuable. If I tell him a lie, since he either faithfully reports it, or substitutes another in its place, he injures nothing, and it is possible that he will speak the right thing, because he does not mean it.' 'If you told Newton that the Greeks were without philosophers, you thought he might discover that they had some of the greatest?' 'No, I knew there was small danger of that, otherwise I should have been silent. The praises of Aristotle from Newton would be too awful.' 'You do not mean that you have a great reverence for Aristotle?' said Morton. 'I think him simply the most wonderful man who ever lived upon this earth.' 'I cannot go that length,' said our hero; 'but I am glad to hear you express so unpopular an opinion. I shall always reverence Aristotle, though he is studied at Oxford.' 'There are but three men with whom I should care to change conditions,' said Rumbold, 'Aristotle, Koster, and Danton. To have discovered logic, invented printing, or ordered the September massacre, were exploits indeed worth living for.' 'There must have been a great difference between the feelings of these three men at the crises you speak of,' said Morton. 'Not so much in reality as in appearance. There is a fierce glee in finding out a principle or making a new combination, which is scarcely surpassed by that which accompanies a splendid action. There was as much savagery expressed in the 'Eureka' of Archimedes as in the 'De l'audace, encore de l'audace, toujours de l'audace,' of Danton. Nevertheless, I should have enjoyed the latter most.' 'The conduct of the revolutionist,' said Morton, 'was at least strictly decorous; and the same cannot be said

of the philosopher.' 'I wonder,' said Rumbold, 'whether Danton was too much absorbed by his idea, to examine the faces of the committee when he pronounced the words, "*Il faut faire peur aux royalistes!*" What a study they must have been!—and what a grandeur in the thought—'There is not a person present, but myself, who dares propose the measure!' 'Conway looks as much terrified as if he believed you were serious,' said Morton. 'I am not terrified,' said Eustace, 'though I know that Mr. Rumbold is serious: at least, if I had spoken those words, I should have meant them.' There was a depth in his voice, and steadiness in his manner, which puzzled Morton. Rumbold looked as if he felt much more respect for Eustace than for his friend. 'Do you like Mahomet?' said the little girl, who had been eyeing Eustace very intently for some time, and had at last placed herself behind his chair. 'Like Mahomet, my dear?—for some things; not for others.' 'But do you like him altogether?' 'No; not altogether.' 'Well, I like him very much indeed. I should like to have ridden on a camel by his side, and have been one of his wives. Brother, will you let me be a Mahometan?' 'I think you had better not, Fanny. Where have you been reading about Mahomet?' 'I found a book called 'Sale's Koran' whilst I was at Aunt Hartenden's, the other day. I wish you would let me read it to you, instead of that stupid Greek.' 'I wish Mrs. Hartenden would put better books in your way,' said Rumbold. 'Mrs. Hartenden!' said Eustace; 'are you acquainted with her?' 'Yes. I know her a little; the child knows her better, and has taken a fancy to call her aunt.' 'She is a strong-minded woman,' said Eustace; 'do you think she would be a good Madame Roland for an English revolution?' 'Women are not wanted in a revolution, except to be guillotined. I daresay she would answer as well for that purpose as any one else.'"

By the by, a man's own novel is like a man's own house—he has it all his own way.

We now proceed to the lady's performance, and instance the ensuing remarks, with which we have been much pleased. The strictures on personal appearance are only too true:—

"When Mr. and Mrs. Howell appeared, they deemed it necessary to make some apology. His excuse was, his business; hers, her family affairs; both which, they pleaded, interfered with the attention they desired to give to personal appearance. 'Be not so solicitous about what is so unimportant,' said Mr. Connor; 'the propriety which you observe is quite enough. Fashion and display, which are every where the great aim of society, what do they contribute to happiness? Nothing, while they subtract from it a great deal. People would take much less trouble on such points, if every individual could know of how really little consequence such matters are to any body but himself.' 'But, sir, the world is indebted to this individual vanity for much splendour and grace, which it is very pleasing to behold,' said Howell. 'I am very far,' said Felix, 'from a desire to reduce every one to quakerly neatness. Nature, my guide in every thing, does not advocate a 'drab-coloured world.' Behold how she has robed her flowers, adorned her birds, her very insects. Beauty is her perpetual aim; but you will always perceive that the beauty of Nature accords with the character and circumstances of the creature she arrays. But we continually confound the expensive, the fantastic, the novel, the striking, with the beautiful. Nothing is pleasing that is not appropriate. How venerable

is the aged matron in the sober attire that suits her years—how ridiculous in the dress adapted for her daughter! How, to the moral eye, appears the bankrupt's wife, blazing in borrowed jewels! I see with concern, Mr. Howell, a habit common, not to you, but to your order, and those below you, which the exertion of a little good sense would rectify.' 'What is that, sir?' asked Howell. 'The manner,' replied Felix, 'in which working people dress their young children. I can conceive the source of this folly, and forgive parental vanity, for its large admixture of parental love. But infancy and childhood are in themselves so beautiful, that they need nothing but cleanliness and neatness; and it is unjust to a hard-working pair, and injurious to their child, to trick it out in clothes that are not durable, and which are in direct contrast with the parents' garb. In the first instance, it is unwise as regards the means hardly earned; and in the second, as regards the mind that is being formed. You cannot expect a child to reason from an abstract principle, especially in contradiction to actual appearances. Do you wonder, then, that the working man's gaudily dressed child should set an undue value on clothes, and, by virtue of them, hold itself to be a better being than those people, even its own parents, that are poorly dressed?' 'You are quite right, sir,' said Howell: 'I will mention the very point in my shop, among my workmen.' 'If,' resumed Felix, 'masters would act in that manner, how much good might be done! If there were a general friendly intercommunication of thought, the very just reproach, that so few *think*, could not exist. Ideas, like seeds, require to be planted; every parent, every employer, has so much moral soil given him: if he be a thinker, a kind cultivator, do you not think he may sow it to good purpose?' 'Why, sir,' replied Howell, 'there are great varieties of soil.' 'Very true,' rejoined Felix. 'But that only proves that they require variety of culture, not that any of them are to go uncultivated. I have remarked, in comparing many countries with England, that the latter is pre-eminently distinguished for indulgent parents, and disrespectful and ungrateful children. I trace this to the habit, amongst other similar ones, which I have just condemned—of want of self-respect in the parent, and of teaching self-denial and reciprocation of kind feeling to the child. Too much is given, too little required; the consequences are, gross selfishness and ingratitude. From childhood upwards, the offspring exist under an impression that they have a right to all the parent can yield, and, satisfied to receive, they never inquire what they ought to return.'"

Early Education. — "The first power that a mother has to call into, or rather put into, exercise, is the all-pervading influence of her spirit, the dépôt of which is her heart. Books, pens, ink, and paper, pencils and pictures, all which afterwards glide necessarily into the plan of education, have nothing to do with its outset. Looks, tones, movements—in short, physical expression, animated and guided by intelligence and moral feeling, are the beautiful, the natural, the universal instruments a benevolent God has abundantly bestowed on woman. Let a mother's first sweet page in the book of education be the eyes of her child; let her commune with them till the mute, bright language of the eye becomes familiar and intelligible to both. At first she will be unanswered; but when the quickened spirit of infancy replies to her in a smile, let her receive it as a token. It is light from heaven. Then first her child

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acknowledges her maternal character; then is she spiritually, as well as physically, a mother. From that bright moment, education begins. Oh, what a work! how full of beauty! Instead of shunning, who would not seek it? As sympathy strengthens between the child and mother, she will soon discover how infinite a power she may exercise by means of that sympathy. A saddened look—a sorrowful tone—will prove a correction, which the young thing that loves the light of kind looks, and the gladness of gay tones, will feel instantly, and answer to implicitly. Once establish this reciprocal feeling,—support it by perfect truth and tenderness on one side, and by inviting perfect confidence and affection on the other,—and what is there to impede the progress of education? It is true, there is no royal road to learning; difficulties will occur, and labour, patience, and perseverance, are essential as we advance into deeper studies; but the moral *stimuli* will operate in proportion; a mother's love leads to universal love; and studies commenced with filial will be pursued with fraternal feelings. He who is conscious of having derived the highest good from others, will be eager to impart good in his turn to others; and if labour be necessary to effect this, that labour will cheerfully embrace."

There are many such passages in *Cleone*; need we add, that they well deserve perusal? We had nearly forgotten to point attention to a particular portion of *Eustace Conway*—the history of Kreutznar. It is a sketch of a German scholar, so original, so peculiar, and so national, that we wonder how it could have been written by an Englishman. It alone would mark the talents of the writer.

The New Statistical Account of Scotland, No. I.; containing part of the County of Forfar, and the County of Selkirk complete, with Map. 8vo. pp. 271. Edinburgh, 1834, Blackwood; London, Cadell. This is the commencement of a work of great utility, and, if we may judge by the specimen, likely to be very able and satisfactorily performed. In our present *Gazette* we notice the institution of a Statistical Society; and here is an example of what such a Society may effect for the rest of the kingdom; so as to place England and Ireland on a level with Scotland. So many changes have grown up since the publication, forty years ago, of Sir John Sinclair's patriotic work, that even had it been more perfect than it could by possibility be, the present undertaking would have been fully justified. All that we require, therefore, is, that it should be in diligent and competent hands; of which, as we have just remarked, the No. before us affords good evidence.

The division is into parishes; these again grouped into their respective counties; and the whole bound together by a general summary, embracing, as the various parts also do, topography, natural history, antiquities, population, industry, economics, education, religion, and, in short, every point and consideration of public importance. Three Nos. it is calculated will make a volume of some 900 pages, and ten such volumes complete this statistical view of Scotland.

In bringing the design under the notice of our readers, as this fasciculus is entire with respect to the shire of Selkirk, and incomplete with regard to that of Forfar, we shall offer our illustrations from the former—of which county, by the by, there is a good map.

Selkirkshire is truly classic ground, hallowed by genius and song, by tradition and historical

event; Ettrick, and Yarrow, and Gala, are redolent of music, and the names of Scott, and the Ettrick Shepherd, and Mungo Park, will ever be distinguished in its annals. Almost every hill and stream appears to be consecrated; but in statistics these are but alluded to, and the writer has to deal with facts, labour, produce, scientific qualities, and profitable projects of improvement.

Ex. gr.— “In the parish of Selkirk are two very good subscription libraries, and one parochial. The books are of the best description, and much read. * * * There are fifteen inns. Happily, however, they have not been of late much encouraged.” [Noble contrast to the gin-shops of London and other great manufacturing towns,—to the whisky booths which demoralise Ireland,—to the beer-shops, which spread vice and crime over the broad surface even of England's agricultural districts!] How gratifying is the picture in consequence! “The general appearance of the parish has been much improved since the early account rendered of it; farms are better managed,—every acre of land, that can with profit be so treated, has been brought under cultivation,—stocks are more healthy and productive, and the comforts of farmers and tenants themselves have in like ratio increased. Education is more widely disseminated, and the people are in general more moral and industrious. At the same time, land-owners have been at pains to embellish their seats and enclosures, thereby assisting to beautify the general features of the country.”

The next parish described is Galashiels, the worthy minister of which is occasionally somewhat grandiloquent in his descriptions. For example:—

“Squirrels have appeared, but do not seem to have gained a residence; which, for the sake of game and singing-birds, is little desirable. The otter preys upon salmon and large trout in the rivers. The swan, the eagle, the raven, the starling, the butcher-bird, the ring-dove, and Bohemian chattering, are the more rare of the feathered tribe which occasionally make their appearance. It is worthy of remark that wood-pigeons, which have increased in number in proportion to the increase of plantation, prove destructive to the turnip crop; and that crows have lately learned to relieve the famine of winter by feeding on that root. The moor blackbird, too, has of late years become a most troublesome spoiler of the garden. It is nearly of the same size as the singing blackbird, but dingy and tuneless,—a daring thief that comes before the windows and carries off a plum *nearly as large as itself*, shewing by its chatter more of anger than fear when it is disturbed in the work of depredation. Currants, gooseberries, cherries, plums, and the finest wall-fruits, are its prey. * * *

“There are two lakes in this parish; one of which may be a mile and a half in circumference, deep, full of marl, and well-stocked with perch and pike. It is ornamented on one side with plantations by Sir Walter Scott; but on the other it is lamentably bare, considering its high and exposed situation, as the name Cauldhills implies. The other lake, covering about ten or twelve acres, was once partially drained in expectation of marl; but as none was found, the drains have been suffered to close, and the marshy, reedy surface is again changed to a smooth sheet of water. It is

* In Yarrow, it is noticed, “three alehouses are kept in the parish, which are absolutely necessary for the accommodation of travellers, but somewhat demoralising within a certain sphere.”

peopled with eels, which always find their way into any pool, whether natural or artificial. This lake is not worthy of notice, were it not for the beauty it is capable of affording, and the great price at which such an ornament must be bought where nature does not supply it. Though low in its situation, and surrounded with soil highly favourable to the growth of timber, it is yet without a tree for a companion.”

Again: “Blankets, partly of the Scotch, and partly of the English mode of manufacture, are extensively produced from the white or unaided wool of this country; and *blanket-shawls* of many colours, and so full of comfort as to make a bad day desirable, have of late been in great demand; and the gleam of fashion, like a May sun, has given a new stir to the working bees of this town. The shawls are accommodated to all dimensions of person or of purse, being from 3s. to 30s. a-piece. A new manufacture called Indiana, for ladies' gowns, price 8s. or 9s. a yard, has lately been tried; but time is wanting to prove its success.”

The following is enlivened by a pithy quotation:—

“Owing to the great distance from coal, viz. twenty-four miles, it is most desirable that that necessary mineral should make its appearance; and search, if search could produce it, would not have failed. But, alas! on the last attempt which I witnessed, it was found that a sort of shale, not bituminous, had duped the sanguine excavators, one of whom, on shewing the deceitful semblance, said, ‘It is as black as a coal, as hard as a coal, and as heavy as a coal; in short, it is coal altogether, except that it will not burn.’”

This is literally very hard; and the subjoined account of a hard winter's amusement converted into a summer play, is new to us, though we have seen skating upon the stage very neatly evolved.

“Among the usual games of the country, that of curling has lately afforded considerable amusement as summer exercise, being practised with wooden blocks, shaped like a curling stone, on a rink of the ordinary length, made of deal, smoothed, and rendered slippery with soap. To diminish the friction, the block is made to slide, not on its entire base, but on three nobs, equidistant, projecting a few lines, and well rounded. Judging by the hard hits, the glee of the players, with their vociferations of censure or applause, as remarkable in this as in winter curling, it would seem that the artificial method is nowise inferior, except in the fitness of scenery, and the effect of wonted associations. The inventor, for such I believe he may be termed, is a Mr. Kemp, an ingenious mechanic of this place, and the contriver of the wooden bridge formerly noticed.”

The bridge alluded to “appears to be an ingenious and successful piece of workmanship, the timbers being all so arranged as to act by their absolute, and not relative strength.”

In the description of Yarrow, there is a curious statement of prognostics applicable to the weather, which are not peculiar to this spot, but prevail pretty generally over Scotland. As the theory of winds* has attracted the attention of the British Association, we select a passage relative to that investigation.

* *Propos of wind:* —A gentleman in the Dover coach assured us the inhabitants of that town have remarked that they are generally visited by a strong easterly wind on the first of May: as a proof of which he affirmed that so long as forty years since, two persons, now living there, made a bet of a new hat annually on the subject, and one of them has had the benefit of thirty-five hats out of the forty; so that the other must have been a hat worse, though really a hat bet-er, almost every year. Of course it is a traveller's story.

"A thunder-storm from the south is followed by a genial warmth; from the north by cold and hail. When the wind shifts to the west after rain from S. or S.W., it generally fair up, or there are but a few showers. Frost and snow from S.W. are the forerunners of bad weather. If the wind turn suddenly from S.W. or S. to N.E., while this is accompanied with a smell resembling that of coal smoke, a severe storm will follow. Sometimes in the month of May, often in June, &c. an undulatory motion may be observed in the air, near the earth's surface. This is the land-tide, called by the peasantry Starling Jack, which generally takes place when the weather is a little sultry; the weather afterwards becomes colder. A haze, or *oder* as it is often named, indicates a mild state of the atmosphere, and prognosticates a long continuance of heat and drought. The summer of 1783 was remarkable for this appearance. It is generally accompanied with a moderate S.W. wind, and sometimes a calm; but it never remains long with a north or east wind. When evaporation is perceptibly carried on by the sun's heat, we expect cold to succeed."

Animal prognostics are equally interesting.

"The lower animals, but such especially as are still in a state of nature, or exposed in the open fields, are very susceptible of atmospheric changes. Sheep eat greedily before a storm, and sparingly before a thaw. When they leave the high parts of their range, when they bleat much in the evening, or during the night, we may expect severe weather. Goats seek a place of shelter, while swine carry litter and cover themselves better than ordinary, before a storm. Wind is foretold by the cat scratching a post or wall; and a thaw, when she washes her face, or when frogs come from their winter concealment. The gathering of grouse into large flocks, the diving of sparrows in dry dust, the fluttering of wild ducks as they flap their wings, the dismal lengthened howl of sea-gulls in an inland place or around lakes, the mournful note of the curlew, the shrill wheet of the plover, the whet-whet-whet of the chaffinch perched upon a tree, the crowing of the cock at unusual times,—all prognosticate rain or snow. When the fieldfare, redwing, starling, swan, snowflock, and other birds of passage, arrive soon from the north, it indicates an early and severe winter. When gnats bite very keenly, when flies keep near the ground, (shewn by swallows that feed upon the wing, flying low), we look for wind and rain. But the most wonderful influence of atmospheric changes is upon those creatures that burrow in the ground. The earth-worm appearing in abundance indicates rain. In like manner, the mole seems to feel its approach, as a day or two before he raises more hillocks than usual; and when after a long severe frost he begins again to work, it will soon become fresh. The effects of electricity are well known both on the atmosphere and on animals; and the deposition of the aqueous vapours with the relaxing damp near the surface of the earth, which in certain states takes place, may give rise to this increased activity."

Of Mary Scott, the *Flower of Yarrow*, the author tells—“She was the daughter of John Scott of Dryhope, and gave her hand to Walter Scott of Harden—no less famed for his freebooting than his bride for her beauty. * * A curious contract relating to their marriage is still preserved in the charter-chest of the present Mr. Scott, of Harden. From this it appears, that the Laird of Dryhope engaged to find his son-in-law in man's-meat and horse-meat at

his tower of Dryhope for a year and day,—five barons becoming bound, that, on the expiry of that period, the latter should remove without attempting to continue in possession by force! A notary public signed for all the parties to the deed, none of whom could write their names. A daughter of the *Flower of Yarrow* was wedded to Gilbert Elliot of Stobs, commonly called ‘Gibby wi’ the gowden garters.’ At their marriage, as at Harden’s own, a contract was made, equally characteristic of the rudeness and rapine of the times. Finding it inconvenient to take home his wife, Gibby besought his father-in-law to lodge her for some time;—a demand which was complied with only on condition that he should give as her board the plunder of the first harvest moon. From them was descended the late Lord Heathfield.”

In Ettrick, among the eminent men is mentioned one whose work we should think it would be pleasant to draw from the library dust where it reposes, and peruse after Sir James Mackintosh’s history:—

“Alexander Cunningham, the historian, was a native of this parish; and his father, Alexander Cunningham, was minister of the parish. He was educated at Melrose school, and originally destined for the church. During the reign of George I. he was appointed Minister to the State of Venice, and retained his functions from 1715 to 1720. Long after his death his Latin history came into the possession of Dr. Hollingberry, archdeacon of Chichester. The original has not been published, but a spirited translation, executed by William Thomson, LL.D., made its appearance under the title of ‘The History of Great Britain from the Revolution in 1688 to the Accession of George the First.’ Lond. 1787. 2 vols. 4to.”

The notice of the Buccleuch family differing in several particulars from the genealogy and circumstances given by Sir W. Scott, and being also indicative of the olden Border condition, we copy a page of it:—

“In the lonely vale of Rankle-burn, surrounded by a dense mass of hills, are the two forlorn farm-steadings of the Buccleuchs. A deep ravine, near the road leading from them to Hawick, is pointed out as the place where the buck was slain, and which gave, according to tradition, their name and title to the family of Buccleuch. Let the limping lines of old Satchels carry us thither.

‘Good Lancelot Scot, I think his book be true,
Old Rankle-burn is designed Buccleuch now;
Yet in his book no balls read he,
It was buck’s cleuch he read to me;
He told me the name, the place, the spot,
Came all by the hunting of the buck.
In Scotland no Buccleuch was then,
Before the buck in the cleuch was slain.’

A small crook, in the steepest part of the cleuch, about half-way between the east-house and the Mill-dam-ford, (which is a pool or ford on the Hawick road,) is pointed out as the place where the buck was taken; but, if Satchels be correct, it was not here the buck was slain, for he says,

‘The very place where the buck was slain,
He built a stone house, and there he did remain.’

Now the foundations of such a house as we might conceive it should be, were dug up between three and four years ago; and upon the spot has been built, within these twelve months past, the farm-house of Easter Buccleuch. In the buck’s cleuch are the marks of the site of an old mill—

* * Of this history, Dr. Thomson says, ‘We shall find reason to pronounce it a just and legitimate composition, and perhaps to rank its author in the first class of our historians.’”

‘For they built a mill on that same burn,
To grind dog’s bran, though there grew no corn.’

Fifty years ago, the walls of this mill were ‘knee high;’ now they are only a rude outline, being a very little above the ground, overgrown with moss. About a Scotch mile above the farm-steading, and close on the Rankle-burn, is to be seen the lonely spot on which once stood the noted kirk or chapel of Buccleuch. There is still here to be seen the feeble outline of the old wall, with the kirk-yard dike; and around the whole is the crumbling form of a *stell* or *fauld*, for the sheep on the farm at certain seasons. The marks where houses seem to have stood are still visible on the burn-side.

“*Tushielaw.*—Passing from Buccleuch, we come upon the gray ruins of the tower of Tushielaw, on the side of a hill near the road on the Ettrick, which seems to request a moment’s inspection. It is not easy to say whether it is more famous in song, in tradition, or in the realities connected with its history. A powerful family of the name of Scott were once its inhabitants; and they were not more powerful, than famous as freebooters and moss-troopers. In 1502, ‘Patrick Turnbull, in Walsope, produced a remission for resetting, supplying, and intercommuning with Archibald and Nianian Armstrong, and William Scott, son of David Scott of Tushielaw, in their stouthrefts, slaughters, burnings, and other crimes committed by them.’ And there is a famous tradition that Adam Scott, (probably brother of the said William,) commonly called the King of Thieves, on being taken by King James V. one morning before breakfast, was hung on an ash-tree over his own gate; along the principal branches of which it is said there are still to be seen the *nicks* and *hollows* formed by the ropes, on which many an unhappy wight had been suspended by the rigorous and powerful baron.”

“*Contrast with the present ‘Education.’*—There is one parochial school. Mr. John Beattie, a teacher of this school, died about seven years ago, his father and he together having been schoolmasters in the parish for the space of 101 years. There are no other stated schools in the parish. A woman may be seen sometimes giving lessons to a few small children. In the house of a shepherd may be found sometimes, also, a boy or girl teaching the children of two or three families united. Our scattered population, indeed, is unfavourable to the education of the young; yet, we believe, there is not one above six years old who has not been taught the first lessons of reading, and been instructed in the principles of religion.”

With this, heartily wishing a continuation and increase to every species of useful instruction and improvement, we close the first No. of this most valuable national work.

Tutti Frutti. 2 vols.

SUCH is the title of the work by Prince Piëckler Muskau, which we recently announced, and which has just appeared. It consists, as far as we can gather from hastily turning over the leaves, of independent chapters, of reflections, and travelling adventures, written in a lively and agreeable style, with much playful wit, intermingled with serious discussion and judicious observations on political matters. We give an extract or two.

Relating a visit to a family vault of his ancestors, when he caused two or three coffins to be opened, the author says:

* * The tradition is undoubtedly incorrect. Adam Scott, called the King of Thieves, was tried, convicted, and beheaded at Edinburgh, on the 18th of May, 1530.”

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"I sat down and contemplated the long row of coffins, and the remains which I had caused to be uncovered, in profound meditation. I then fell on my knees and prayed, till the ice that chilled my heart dissolved in tears of pleasing melancholy. All the fear, horror, and gloomy feelings, which had agitated me vanished before the consciousness of God's protecting providence, and a silent soothing sorrow alone remained. Without shuddering, I kissed the cold countenance of my good old grandfather, cut a scanty lock from his venerable head; and had he at that moment raised himself and taken my hand, I should not have shrunk back. Mysterious power of prayer! truly the value of piety is not that it may, in time of need, avert, through our prayer, a threatened misfortune—thousands perish without having their petitions accorded; but it gives us strength to resist every affliction, and to endure it, nay, to find in the more intimate communion with God to which it leads, something which of itself lifts us triumphantly above every earthly suffering. Can so powerful an effect be delusion? Happy, at least, then, are the deluded!"

After some further reflections, he adds the following moral:

"Yes; we stand in need, not only of earthly reality, but also a realm of imagination; not alone increasing progression, but also wise restriction; not only religion, but also its sacred rites. Though it is manifestly revealed to each of us individually in his heart, that there is something higher than what the world can afford; yet, as has been beautifully observed, 'The church alone, which will eventually comprehend all mankind in one faith, will afford the general place of resort, half-way up the mountain of life, to which those dwelling at the foot may ascend with confidence; and those enthroned upon the summit may descend with humility whenever they need consolation from the heavenly kingdom.' It is the absence of this, the true and genuine church, which principally bewilders us. Her alone should we seek, to end all distress and all contrarieties. But you, my friends, pay but little regard to this. You seek and aim only at liberty and equality, and think that will suffice. Seek rather liberty and love, these will lead you farther on your way. The mad struggles for equality, which can never be attained here below, because God has not so willed it; it is the second taste of the forbidden fruit, which will deprive us of the remains of Paradise. At the commencement, it is true, you may obtain much good by pursuing your road. Soon there would be no slaves, and no tyrants; no absolute monarchs, and no nations subject to their caprice; no arrogant conquerors, and no armies led to the slaughter; no aristocrats, surrounded with pomp and luxury, and no beggars trampled under foot; no cruel hierarchy, and no persecuted heretics. There will undoubtedly be less bitter suffering, but probably also infinitely less enjoyment; for how many glorious lights will vanish together with those shadows! All the virtues of love, such as voluntary self-denial, humility, sacrifices, filial obedience, disinterested fidelity till death, magnanimity, sense of honour—all these, I fear, will gradually wither on the sterile soil of liberty and equality, to make room for rigid justice and heartless egotism. There will be no more lovers and friends; but only companions, united by contract, according to circumstances, for the prosecution of worldly affairs. In the place of parental authority will be substituted that of the law. Instead of kings there will be presidents; instead of noble warriors, a civic guard;

instead of the supreme God, a constitutional, temporal sovereign in *abstracto*. Poetry and the arts, magnificence and luxury, will vanish in the general reign of sober utility. Every one will possess what is indispensably necessary, but no one superfluity. Ambition will no longer torment, as there will be nothing more to envy, no brilliant gold to aspire to, no temple of fame, no exalted object to aim at, where domestic competence is the highest that can be attained. In a word, no rainbow colours will adorn life,—a dead uniform gray is what you, my beloved posterity, will have to weave in the restless loom of time. Much good may it do you! Gladly will I pass away with my dear old gaily pictured world, as the papist will rather repose in the clear obscure of the dim religious light shed through the richly-coloured window of his splendid dome, than in the light and barn-like church of a dissenting congregation."

In an appendix, the author gives an account of his meeting with the French physician Tavernier, (who has already been mentioned in the *Literary Gazette*,) who was at Leipzig after his return from Asia, whither he had been to study the nature of the plague. He communicates some particulars of the very extraordinary adventures of this remarkable person, which he informs us will shortly be published by the traveller himself, and to which we purpose immediately to attend.

Mackintosh's History of the Revolution. 4to.

Longman and Co.—(In Continuation.) WE do not know, but we are in hopes that our readers found as much to interest them in our last week's extracts from this work as we did ourselves. With the great changes since operated in nations, governments, institutions, feelings and habits of mankind, how much did they afford us for cogitation and comparison! The descent of religious and political principles, and yet their being adopted by altogether different classes of people—opponents having become the representatives, and friends the foes of various parties—unions apparently irreconcileable having taken the place of bitterest enmities:—surely, in a historical sense we may say that the lion and the lamb have, in more instances than one, lain down in harmony together. France and England combined in liberality instead of bigotry—the Roman Catholic and Dissenter at home seeking similar objects, instead of being wide as the poles asunder—Dissenters endeavouring to obtain entrance to the Church of England Universities, where the king tried to force his Catholic adherents—and several other striking points, offered food for very instructive and curious reflection.

Pursuing our course with the volume, we have, at the period to which we had arrived, viz. 1687, and only a few months before the revolution, a singular aspect of affairs to unfold.

"England (says our acute and philosophical observer) perhaps never exhibited an external appearance of more undisturbed and profound tranquillity than in the momentous seven months which elapsed from the end of autumn to the beginning of summer. Not a speck in the heavens seemed to the common eye to forebode a storm. None of the riots now occurred which were the forerunners of the civil war under Charles I. There were none of those numerous assemblies of the people which affright by their force, when they do not disturb by their violence, and are sometimes as terrific in disciplined inaction, as in tumultuous outrage,

Even the ordinary marks of national disapprobation, which prepare and announce a legal resistance to power, were wanting. There is no trace of public meetings in counties or great towns where such demonstrations of public opinion could have been made. The current of flattering addresses continued to flow towards the throne, uninterrupted by a single warning remonstrance of a more independent spirit, or even of a mere decent servility. It does not appear that in pulpits, where alone the people could be freely addressed, political topics were discussed, though it must be acknowledged, that the controversial sermons against the opinions of the Church of Rome, which then abounded, proved in effect the most formidable obstacle to the progress of her ambition. Various considerations will serve to lessen our wonder at this singular state of silence and inactivity. Though it would be idle to speak gravely of the calm which precedes the storm, and thus to substitute a trite illustration for a reason, it is nevertheless true, that there are natural causes which commonly produce an interval, sometimes, indeed, very short, of more than ordinary quiet, between the complete operation of the measures which alienate a people, and the final resolution which precedes a great change. Amidst the hopes and fears which succeed each other in such a state, every man has much to conceal of what it requires some time to acquire boldness to disclose. Distrust and suspicion, the parents of silence, which easily yield to sympathy in ordinary and legal opposition, are called into full activity by the first secret consciousness of a disposition to more daring designs. It is natural for men in such circumstances to employ time in watching their opponents, at well as in ascertaining the integrity and courage of their friends. When human nature is stirred by such mighty agents, the understanding, indeed, rarely deliberates; but the conflict and alternation of strong emotions, which assume the appearance and receive the name of deliberation, produce, naturally a disposition to a fearful pause before irrevocable action. The boldest must occasionally contemplate their own danger with apprehension; the most sanguine must often doubt their success; those who are alive to honour must be visited by the sad reflection, that if they be unfortunate, they may be insulted by the multitude for whom they sacrifice themselves; and good men will be frequently appalled by the inevitable calamities to which they expose their country for the uncertain chance of deliverance. When the fluctuation of mind has terminated in bold resolution, a farther period of reserve must be employed in preparing the means of co-operation and maturing the plans of action. But there were some circumstances peculiar to the events now under consideration, which strengthened and determined the operation of general causes. In 1640, the gentry and the clergy were devoted to the court, while the higher nobility and the great towns adhered to the parliament. The people distrusted their divided superiors; and the tumultuous display of their force (the natural result of their angry suspicions) served to manifest their own inclinations, while it called forth their friends and intimidated their enemies among the higher orders. In 1688, the state of the country was reversed. The clergy and gentry were for the first time discontented with the crown. The majority of the nobility, and the growing strength of the commercial classes, reinforced by these unusual auxiliaries, and by all who either hated popery or loved liberty, were fully

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as much disaffected to the king as the great body of the people. The nation trusted their natural leaders, who, perhaps, gave, more than they received, the impulse on this occasion. No popular chiefs were necessary, and none arose to supply the place of their authority with the people, who reposed in quiet and confidence till the signal for action was made. This important circumstance produced another effect. The whole guidance of the opposition fell gradually into fewer and fewer hands; it became every day easier to carry it on more calmly; popular commotion could only have disturbed councils where the people did not suspect their chiefs of lukewarmness, and the chiefs were assured of the prompt and zealous support of the people. It was as important to restrain the impetuosity of the multitude, as it might be necessary in other circumstances to indulge it. Hence arose the facility of caution and secrecy at one time, of energy and speed at another, of concert and co-operation throughout, which are indispensable in enterprises so perilous."

It is in such views as these that we confess the value and importance of historical writing. They teach us to think, to reason, and to enlarge our comprehension of political and national affairs. They fit men to take a useful part in such affairs; and not to leave them in the hands of the prating, superficial, and ignorant, yet busy, intermeddling, and self-sufficient. They shew what legislators ought to learn, and, if wisely understood, make them what they ought to be. They exhibit a condition of information wonderfully different from the impertinences and crudities which we see daily retailed as the debates of even a reformed House of Commons; which, with few exceptions, Mediocrity seems to have made her own peculiar seat, and Pretension, not far removed from Folly, the shrine whence she delivers her lengthened, perplexed, and darkling oracles.

What astounds us the most in this is, that it occurs in the very age when we boast so much of the progress of enlightenment and the march of Intellect. Is it that this march of Intellect has the property of reducing all men to the common rank and file? that neither experience nor genius suffices to form leaders; and that the raw recruit is, or fancies himself to be, quite as able to direct and command as the veteran, the profound tactician, and the richly endowed by nature? But to our past history—the present has still to work out its own and the nation's destinies.

Sir J. Mackintosh's account of the trial and acquittal of the bishops is given in a masterly manner. The birth of the Prince of Wales, and the apostasy of Sunderland, are the next leading events; and we arrive at the memorable epoch of 1688, prefixed to which is a very able disquisition on the momentous topics which engaged the public mind, and led to the extraordinary issue.

"The time was now come when the people of England were called upon to determine, whether they should by longer submission sanction the usurpations and encourage the further encroachments of the crown, or take up arms against the established authority of their sovereign for the defence of their legal rights, as well as of those safeguards which the constitution had placed around them. Though the solution of this tremendous problem requires the calmest exercise of reason, the circumstances which bring it forward commonly call forth mightier agents, which disturb and overpower the action of the understanding. In conjunctures so awful, where men feel more

than they reason, their conduct is chiefly governed by the boldness or wariness of their nature, by their love of liberty or their attachment to quiet, by their proneness or slowness to fellow-feeling with their countrymen. The generous virtues and turbulent passions rouse the brave and aspiring to resistance; some gentle virtues and useful principles second the qualities of human nature in disposing many to submission. The duty of legal obedience seems to forbid that appeal to arms which the necessity of preserving law and liberty allows, or rather demands. In such a conflict there is little quiet left for moral deliberation. Yet by the immutable principles of morality, and by them alone, must the historian try the conduct of all men, before he allows himself to consider all the circumstances of time, place, opinion, example, temptation, and obstacle, which, though they never authorise a removal of the everlasting landmarks of right and wrong, ought to be well weighed in allotting a due degree of commendation or censure to human actions. The English law, like that of most other countries, lays down no limits of obedience. * * *

* * * That no man can lawfully promise what he cannot lawfully do, is a self-evident proposition. That there are some duties superior to others, will be denied by no one; and that when a contest arises, the superior ought to prevail, is implied in the terms by which the duties are described. It can hardly be doubted that the highest obligation of a citizen is that of contributing to preserve the community; and that every other political duty, even that of obedience to the magistrates, is derived from and must be subordinate to it. It is a necessary consequence of these simple truths, that no man who deems self-defence lawful in his own case, can, by any engagement, bind himself not to defend his country against foreign or domestic enemies. Though the opposite propositions really involve a contradiction in terms, yet declarations of their truth were imposed by law, and oaths to renounce the defence of our country were considered as binding, till the violent collision of such pretended obligations with the security of all rights and institutions awakened the national mind to a sense of their repugnance to the first principles of morality. Maxims so artificial and overstrained, which have no more root in nature than they have warrant from reason, must always fail in a contest against the affections, sentiments, habits, and interests, which are the motives of human conduct, leaving little more than compassionate indulgence to the small number who conscientiously cling to them, and fixing the injurious imputation of inconsistency on the great body who forsake them for better guides. The war of a people against a tyrannical government may be tried by the same tests which ascertain the morality of a war between independent nations. The employment of force in the intercourse of reasonable beings is never lawful but for the purpose of repelling or averting wrongful force. Human life cannot lawfully be destroyed, or assailed, or endangered, for any other object than that of just defence. Such is the nature, and such the boundary of legitimate self-defence, in the case of individuals. Hence the right of the lawgiver to protect unoffending citizens by the adequate punishment of crimes; hence, also, the right of an independent state to take all measures necessary to her safety, if it be attacked or threatened from without; provided always that reparation cannot otherwise be obtained, that there is a reasonable prospect

of obtaining it by arms, and that the evils of the contest are not probably greater than the mischiefs of acquiescence in the wrong; including, on both sides of the deliberation, the ordinary consequences of the example, as well as the immediate effects of the act. If reparation can otherwise be obtained, a nation has no necessary, and therefore no just cause of war; if there be no probability of obtaining it by arms, a government cannot, with justice to their own nation, embark it in war; and if the evils of resistance should appear, on the whole, greater than those of submission, wise rulers will consider an abstinence from a pernicious exercise of right as a sacred duty to their own subjects, and a debt which every people owes to the great commonwealth of mankind, of which they and their enemies are alike members. * * * * * On the same principles, the justice of a war made by a people against their own government must be examined. A government is entitled to obedience from the people, because, without obedience it cannot perform the duty, for which alone it exists, of protecting them from each other's injustice. But when a government is engaged in systematically oppressing a people, or in destroying their securities against future oppression, it commits the same species of wrong towards them which warrants an appeal to arms against a foreign enemy. A magistrate who degenerates into a systematic oppressor shuts the gates of justice on the people, and thereby restores them to their original right of defending themselves by force. As he withdraws the protection of law from them, he forfeits his moral claim to enforce their obedience by the authority of law. Thus far, civil and foreign war stand on the same moral foundation. The principles which determine the justice of both against the wrong-doer are, indeed, throughout, the same. But there are certain peculiarities, of great importance in point of fact, which in other respects permanently distinguish them from each other. The evils of failure are greater in civil than in foreign war. A state generally incurs no more than loss in war. A body of insurgents is exposed to ruin. The probabilities of success are more difficult to calculate in cases of internal contest than in a war between states, where it is easy to compare those merely material means of attack and defence which may be measured or numbered. An unsuccessful revolt strengthens the power, and sharpens the cruelty of the tyrannical ruler, while an unfortunate war may produce little of the former evil, and of the latter nothing. It is almost peculiar to intestine war, that success may be as mischievous as defeat. The victorious leaders may be borne along by the current of events far beyond their destination; a government may be overthrown which ought to have been repaired; and a new, perhaps a more formidable, tyranny may spring out of victory. A regular government may stop before its fall becomes precipitate, or check a career of conquest when it threatens destruction to itself. But the feeble authority of the chiefs of insurgents is rarely able, in the one case, to maintain the courage; in the other, to repress the impetuosity, of their voluntary adherents. Finally, the cruelty and misery incident to all warfare are greater in domestic dissension than in contests with foreign enemies. Foreign wars have little effect on the feelings, habits, or condition of the majority of a great nation, to most of whom the worst particulars of them may be unknown. But civil war brings the same or worse evils into

the heart of a country and into the bosom of many families: it eradicates all habits of recourse to justice and reverence for law; its hostilities are not mitigated by the usages which soften wars between nations; it is carried on with the ferocity of parties who apprehend destruction from each other; and it may leave behind it feuds still more deadly, which may render a country depraved and wretched through a long succession of ages. As it involves a wider waste of virtue and happiness than any other species of war, it can only be warranted by the sternest and most dire necessity. * * * * A wanton rebellion, when considered with the aggravation of its ordinary consequences, is one of the greatest of crimes. The chiefs of an insatiable and ill-concerted revolt, however provoked, incur the most formidable responsibility to their followers and their country. An insurrection, rendered necessary by oppression, and warranted by a reasonable probability of a happy termination, is an act of public virtue, always environed with so much peril as to merit admiration. In proportion to the degree in which a revolt spreads over a large body till it approaches a unanimity, the fatal peculiarities of civil war are lessened. * * * The frame of the human mind, and the structure of civilised society, have adapted themselves to the important differences between civil and foreign war. Such is the force of the considerations which have been above enumerated; so tender is the regard of good men for the peace of their native country, so numerous are the links of interest and habit which bind those of a more common sort to an establishment, so difficult and dangerous is it for the bad and bold to conspire against a tolerably vigilant administration. The evils which exist in moderate governments appear so tolerable, and those of absolute despotism so incongruous, that the number of unjust wars between states unspeakably surpasses those of wanton rebellions against the just exercise of authority. * * * As James was unquestionably an aggressor, and the people of England drew their swords only to prevent him from accomplishing a revolution which should change a legal and limited power into lawless despotism, it is needless, on this occasion, to moot the question, whether arms may be as justly wielded to obtain as to defend liberty. It may, however, be observed, that the rulers who obstinately persist in withholding from their subjects securities for good government, obviously necessary for the permanence of that blessing, generally desired by competently informed men, and capable of being introduced without danger to public tranquillity, appear thereby to place themselves in a state of hostility against the nation whom they govern. Wantonly to prolong a state of insecurity seems to be as much an act of aggression as to plunge a nation into that state; when a people discover their danger, they have a moral claim on their governors for security against it. As soon as a distemper is discovered to be dangerous, and a safe and effectual remedy has been found, those who withhold the remedy are as much morally answerable for the deaths which may ensue as if they had administered poison. But though a reformatory revolt may in these circumstances become perfectly just, it has not the same likelihood of a prosperous issue with those insurrections which are more strictly and directly defensive."

We have preferred quoting so much of this chapter at length, because we could not select a better example of the talent displayed by the lamented author, and because, in these our own

uncertain and unsteady times, it is well to look such questions in the face, and calmly to weigh and ponder on their essence and bearings. We will not take upon ourselves, however, to lecture on these; suffice it for us to recommend them to the attention they so seriously deserve.

At page 358 the labours of Mackintosh unfortunately close, and his task is assumed by another hand—a hand, we can justly state, which has not failed, even in the dangerous juxtaposition involved in finishing what so eminent an individual had begun. How much he has been assisted in doing this, which he has performed in a manner so honourable to his abilities, is stated in the prefix to the work, which we quote.

"Sir James Mackintosh long meditated a History of England, beginning with the Revolution of 1688. That portion of it which he executed is given in the present volume. He took up the history at the accession of James II., referred to the chief incidents in the reign of Charles II., developed the causes, remote and proximate, of the approaching revolution, and broke off on the eve of that collision between James and the Prince of Orange, which transferred the crown from the king to the prince. It remained only to narrate the catastrophe. Under these circumstances, it has been thought expedient to continue the narrative to the settlement of the crown. The advantages of access to the original and invaluable manuscript authorities used by Sir James, rendered this course still more advisable. Some interesting extracts from them will be found in the appendix. In the continuation, it will be observed that the glimpses of opinion on the character of the revolution, and on the characters and motives of the chief persons who figured in it, do not always agree with the views of Sir James Mackintosh. But it should not be forgotten, that Sir James was avowedly and emphatically a Whig of the revolution, and that, since the agitation of religious liberty and parliamentary reform became a national movement, the great transaction of 1688 has been more dispassionately, more correctly, and less highly estimated. The writer of the continuation believed himself unbiassed by any predilection for either Whigs or Tories, and not only borne out, but bound by the facts. He felt, in fine, that his first duty to the reader and to himself was good faith. The latter period of the history was one essentially of action and events. Hence, and from the necessity of taking up the career of the Prince of Orange where it was dropped by Sir James, the continuation has swelled to an unexpected compass."

Reserving a consideration of this part, and of the introductory memoir, for a future occasion, we again commit these pages to the public favour.

THE PUBLISHING TRADE. NO. X.

THE vast importance of the subject involved in the character and effects of periodical publications, and of those cheap works which are hardly periodical and hardly any thing else, is cunningly enough put in a false light by the interested parties, who pretend that those who condemn crude and incorrect productions are but the enemies of low prices, the friends of a system which by taxing knowledge would remove it from general diffusion, and the lovers of darkness rather than of light. This is not the argument. The *Literary Gazette*, for instance, is, and has ever been, as warm and sincere an advocate as the *Penny Magazine*

for the unlimited instruction of every class of the people. We hold education to be the staff of life to the mind, as much as bread itself is the staff of life to the body; and we should as soon think of desiring the former to be stinted as the latter. God forbid that we should do either!

But, under the charitable and benevolent name of dispensers of bread to the hungry, we should not consider ourselves justified in doing out a fictitious or deleterious substance; and then boasting of our wisdom and generosity, as if we, and we alone, were the benefactors of our kind. It is of this course that we complain; it is the insufficiency of the article supplied, and the extensive quackery employed to recommend it, which we condemn.

In an able *leader* in the *Times* newspaper lately, the editor, speaking of the population of Paris, remarked, with his usual force and acuteness, that there were "a greater number than elsewhere educated up to the point of a capacity for political mischief; and ready to engage in any political disturbance which promises to better their fortunes."

Now, can the man who would oppose this species of education be fairly held up as one adverse to the diffusion of knowledge among the people? Or, is he not the true and best friend of the people who would keep such fatal knowledge from them, and teach them to avoid such guides as are here so faithfully described?

Another writer, in a magazine of infinite talent (Blackwood's), though of entirely opposite principles to the journal we have just quoted, in speaking of the same class of illuminators—the egotistical school, who would oblige the world to believe that there was no sense except what they preached, no information except what was contained in their emanations—well paints the nature of their performances, as "half glimmer and half gloom, through which nothing is seen distinctly; so that men's minds have no true steadfast knowledge."

Such are the considerations which have also governed our opinions. It is not because their lubrications are *cheap* that we dislike them; but because they are *bad*.

And let us see to what fallacies they are driven in order to uphold their inferior wares in the literary market.

"The 'compiler' (they say), the 'literary drudge,' is of course all that the 'man of genius' is not. But he is something more. He is a man of education and experience, who having no faith in knowledge and taste by intuition, has endeavoured to obtain them by careful study. He is one that collects facts, that systematises facts, that builds up assertions on facts, and that publishes them without facts. The 'literary drudge,'—or, as he has been elegantly described by a monthly critic of tastes and habits congenial to the weekly, 'the obscure literary drudge, who has not a single idea in his head save what he *stiches* from the British Museum,'—believes, with D'Alembert, that a man ought to be sufficiently cautious what he speaks, but very cautious what he writes; and believing thus, he is not likely to mistake assertions for truths, and afterwards to eat his facts, with a choke-pea of 'dates' added to the bargain. * * * The drudge has his own work to do. The landmarks of his course are few, and he is not deceived by false lights. * * * His business is to convert the crude ores of learning into the fine gold of knowledge. The 'men of genius' on our critics, when they take, as they sometimes attempt, to petty labours of utility, do with the old stores of learning as the daughters of Pelias did with their father's body—they boil the bones in a cauldron, and the world finds that the spirit even of the old man is gone;—the 'drudges' put a new life into the body of the old man, as the enchantress did, who gave her father's rigid limbs pliancy—'his feeble step strength and steadiness—his pale and inexpressible features beauty and animation.'"

Erasmus wrote in praise of folly, but he was no fool; somebody else, who was a Temperance Society member, wrote an encomium on drunkenness; a true man published a defence of lying—all which things were unnatural: not

so this panegyric upon Drudgery and Drudges by a kindred spirit. The task was exactly such as befitted the undertaker. It was laborious—he was the more at home. It was useless—he was in his own peculiar element. It was nonsensical—he alone could perfectly illustrate it. It was fallacious—he must succeed. And by just reading over, and weighing the few lines we have quoted, it will be seen that he has succeeded in demonstrating the literary Drudge to be infinitely superior to the man of genius!—Q. E. D.!

Now who would not give a penny to know this?—five shillings worth of *Literary Gazettes* could not prove more!

Yet, sceptical people may doubt all the assertions of this congenial ally of the Drudges. Why must *They* of necessity be “men of education and experience”—men of “careful study”—men “who will assert nothing without facts”—men who “will be very cautious what they write”—men “who are not to be deceived by false lights”—men who “convert crude ore into fine gold, or boil up old learning till it is strong and sprightly,” as the conjuror’s mill grinds old men and women into stout young fellows and fair girls? From what we have witnessed of their operations, we are inclined to affirm the very reverse of all these positions. The Drudge, if he is an able person, cannot afford the time necessary to accomplish such works in such a manner for the remuneration afforded him. To come to plain reasoning, what does one of the diffusion Drudges earn per ann. ? A mechanic’s wages, or very little more. And can it, in common decency, be demanded of him to be an individual, as thus be-decked, of first-rate literature, of deep knowledge, of great acquirements, of sound judgment—in short, the faultless master of the *Printing Machine and Penny Mag.* ? The idea is as ridiculous as it is false; and we do not think that even the drudgery bestowed on this argument will persuade the public that a spavined hack will pull more than a magnificent dray-horse, and run faster than a high-blooded racer.

If we examine their productions, we at once discover, that instead of care there is haste; instead of an earnest inquiry into facts, a disposition to take the readiest matters for granted; instead of caution, precipitancy; instead of learning, ignorance; and instead of a produce of fine gold, or a revived Pelias, generally a dust-hole of rubbish, and a hash of lifeless limbs.

An Account of the Caves of Ballybunian, County of Kerry; with some Mineralogical Details. By W. Ainsworth, Esq. M.R.G.L., &c., &c., and late Senior President of the Royal Physical and Plinian Societies of Edinburgh. 8vo. pp. 96. Dublin, 1834. Curry and Co.; London, Simpkin and Marshall; Manchester, Bancks and Co.; Limerick, O’Brien.

NEITHER our reading nor acquaintance with the promoters of science have brought us into contact with a more able and zealous votary than the author of this work—local indeed, and insulated in its subject, but possessed of much general interest for the geological student. Thoroughly master of his investigation, Mr. Ainsworth has addressed himself to those competent to understand the peculiarities and most striking features which belong to these caves; which, though not great in extent, are curious, and certainly do not need to be exaggerated like those of Mitchelstown, respecting which the Irish newspapers have rioted in

unbounded imaginations! At Ballybunian the chief matters which presented themselves to the writer’s discrimination appear to have been the forms of the rocks, the principal rock itself, alum slate, not being a common formation. Tracing the remarkable rhomboidal structure from the smallest rhomb to a circle of 600 feet; then the triangular caves; and then the succession of alternating, advancing, and receding angles, regular as architectural ornaments, strike us as being well worthy of the attention of the geologist. But still more remarkable are the lofty cliffs (not far unequal in interest to the Giant’s Causeway), from 120 to 130 feet high, formed of a continuous succession of small and very perfect rhombs, which in their accumulation divide again into large rhombs of many feet in extent, and succeed one another with extraordinary regularity.

This we consider a great novelty in geology, far more so than columnar basalt; but we must be content with recommending this volume, so descriptive of scenery, and so worthy of science, to every reader who takes an interest in such disquisitions.

Cunningham’s Life and Works of Burns. Third Volume. London, 1834. Cochrane and M’Crone.

This is a very various and interesting volume of poems, epigrams, epitaphs, and a few songs; the whole enriched with notes and various readings. With a little of sameness in the general form, the frontispiece and vignette are very pretty: the whole worthy of the original design, though we do not find any novelties sufficiently prominent to demand extract.

Makanna; or, the Land of the Savage. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1834. Simpkin and Marshall.

THESE is a rich and wild invention displayed in some parts of this work, and the scenery is novel and grand; but the imagination is very undisciplined; and, as a whole, it is incongruous, forced, and extravagant. Still, submitted to severe pruning and sedulous cultivation, there are glimpses of talent which might do better things.

A Memoir of the Life of Lady Jane Grey. Addressed chiefly to Young Persons. 12mo. pp. 119. London, 1834. Longman and Co.

AND a very nice little book it is for young persons; just such as a fond and careful mother would like to put into the hands of a daughter. The epoch of our history which the brief life of this unfortunate lady illustrates is important, and her own personal memoirs deeply interesting. With Anna Boleyn, and Mary of Scotland, she forms the *trium-vir-ate* of females whose chequered lives and calamitous deaths belong to the most romantic passages of our national annals.

Rostang: a Drama, in Three Acts. 8vo. pp. 80. London, Smith, Elder, and Co.; Bath, Meyer.

DREADFUL work! speaking of Memory thus: “ And yet taxed Memory bears a feeble beam, Which, breaking on the axis of my soul, In faint impression wakens my mind’s eye,” &c.

A fair quotation!

Couper’s Poetical Works. Magnet Edition. Pp. 604.

Pomfret, Parnell, and Yalden’s Poetical Works. Idem. Circ. pp. 350. London, 1834. Clark.

WE have already (last March) spoken of the surprising cheapness of this edition of our po-

pular poets. It does, indeed, recommend them to every reader; and especially to readers of those classes who can ill spare from their laborious earnings enough to gratify their worthy and improving tastes. The biographical sketches are sufficient.

The Calendar of Nature; or, Natural History of the Year. With Designs by G. Cattermole. 18mo. pp. 142. London, 1834. Van Vorst.

A NEW edition of this pretty little work of natural history. Never were the months more sweetly illustrated by pen and pencil for the affections of the young. Mr. Cattermole (and we do not remember him in this book line before) is admirable. Every design is a painter’s study, of a delightful class.

The Wreck ashore. By J. B. Buckstone. Pp. 58. London, 1834. Strange.

THIS drama, we observe, is one of an edition of the clever pieces produced by that very clever writer as well as actor, Buckstone; and we are glad to see this new source opened to entertain the public, and reward his talents. The woodcut, designed by Findlay, represents Reeve and the author in the droll drunken scene, when the former, as Constable Magog, takes himself into custody, and asks a loan of five shillings from his staggering companion to pay his own fine. The piece is dedicated in a friendly tone to Reeve, whose humorous acting contributed so much to its popularity; and we like to see this spirit manifested among the brethren of the same profession.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

THE NIGER EXPEDITION.

National, Scientific, and Commercial Importance.

[As farther lights continue to be thrown upon the course of the Niger, that geographical problem of many hundred years; and as its importance, in a commercial view, opening a way into the interior of Africa, becomes more appreciable, we naturally look with even increased interest to every circumstance connected with its exploration. Thus, the expeditions of Mungo Park excited a strong sensation, and have left a mournful recollection on the public mind; and thus the equally adventurous and noble, and the more successful, enterprises of the brothers Lander, and especially of John, still in the midst of perils and privations, to whom the annexed account relates, have fixed the attention of the country. The present feeling is powerfully enhanced, as the prospect of utility is certainly much enlarged by the remarkable coincidence of these gallant efforts with the application of the navigating powers of steam. There might have been generations of Landers, with lives devoted to the cause, the sole reward of which would have been the discovery of a river’s source and termination; but now there is combined with that end the cheering hope of extending civilisation, of strangling the hydra Slavery in its cradle, and of diffusing comfort and happiness over a wide quarter of the globe. Assuredly it is a glorious thing to be signally and prosperously engaged in laying the foundation for a consummation so devoutly to be wished.

In setting before our readers the latest intelligence from the scene of these exertions, we may also mention other matters connected with them, which have reached us from various quarters. A friend in Glasgow informs us, that, stimulated by reports of the extreme richness of those staple articles, ivory and indigo, Rabah, and other encouraging mercantile news, and also by higher motives, the design of sending out another Niger expedition is contemplated by an association of Glasgow merchants. The patriotic undertaking, we have reason to believe, actually in progress. Never, indeed, was there a more favourable opportunity than is now offered for penetrating into the unknown regions of Africa, to explore the magnificent Lake Tshad, and correct the geography of the central parts of this interesting continent—left vague and incorrect by Herodotus, Pliny, Ptolemy, Leo Africanus, and all the Arabian authorities.

The African indigo is, we are assured by competent judges who have examined specimens of it on the coast, superior to that imported from the East Indies; and this accounts for the beautiful blue dye and brilliant colour of the native clothing. We are convinced that eminent benefit to the trade of England may speedily result from this alone; but when we add, that its prime cost on the Niger was not *three-halfpence per pound*, and that the ivory was less than *twopence*, we have said enough to

waken the spirit of commercial speculation to a pursuit which promises such returns.—*Ed. L. G.*]

ACCOUNTS of this interesting expedition, up to the 5th of January, have been received. At that date, Lander was on board the Curlew ship-of-war, on his way to Cape Coast Castle, for the purpose of procuring a particular species of goods for the markets in the interior, of which he had not previously taken sufficient supply. If successful in this object, it was his intention to return to the mouth of the Nun; hence to re-ascend the Niger for the third time, and endeavour to penetrate as far up the river as Boussâ. It is highly interesting to know that, previous to his last return to the coast, Lander and Lieut. Allen had fortunately reached Rabbah, or Rabba (a large Falâtah town), in the iron steam-boat; and, for the space of thirteen or fourteen days, had maintained a friendly intercourse, and carried on an advantageous trade, with its inhabitants. The depth of the water at that place was between two and three fathoms, and, as far as could be seen beyond the Niger was free from rocks and other obstructions, and assumed a majestic and very encouraging appearance. For the reason already mentioned, Lander was obliged to return to the coast, though it has been intimated to us that he hastily quitted Rabbah on account of some unfavourable rumours which had reached him, to the effect that the people wished to inveigle our countrymen on shore, in order to seize their persons and destroy their boat. This is, however, an improbable supposition; for, as far as we can learn, the general bearing of the inhabitants towards the English was any thing but hostile. This important town inhabited by Falâtahs and negroes, and realises the expectations that had been formed of it, as regards its extent, its wealth, and its population. A few Tuâricks, from the borders of the desert, and other Arabs, were observed by our countrymen in the streets of Rabbah.

Another important feature of this expedition is, the circumstance that our travellers have ascended the river *Tshadda*, as high as 150 miles from its junction with the Niger. At that point, and at some distance below and above it, the river was found to be intersected with islands, and comparatively shallow, alternately becoming broad and narrow, in proportion as its channel was free from, or obstructed by, these islands. No traces of inhabitants appeared on the banks of this very interesting river; and Lander and his valuable coadjutor were compelled to return to the Niger for want of provisions. All the natives in this part of the country agree in the assertion that the *Tshadda* communicates with Lake *Tshad*, the inland sea of Africa. They do not hazard this as a mere conjecture, but state it with confidence as a well-known and undisputed fact. This being the case, though it be at variance with the opinion entertained of it by many of our scientific countrymen, the concurrent testimony of the natives, who, after all, are better acquainted than we are with the geography of their own country, is entitled to respect. It should also be remembered, that the *Tshadda* has not received its name, (any more than its gigantic namesake,) from Europeans, but from the natives themselves, who have never bestowed on it any other appellation. On a small island near Attâ, Lander has erected a kind of mud fort, which will also answer the purpose of a dépôt for British goods. This place has been named English Island, and it possesses peculiar facilities for trading purposes in that part of the country. The King of Attâ, who seems to have formed an attachment

to Lander, had presented him with four small but very beautiful horses, which he succeeded in conveying to Fernando Po. Poor old Pasko, the black who buried Belzoni, and whose name occurs so frequently in Clapperton's journal and the narrative of the Landers, is dead. He had joined the present expedition at Cape Coast Castle, and expired up the Niger after a short illness. Lieut. Allen has rendered an important service to the cause of science by the observations he made while on the *Niger* and *Tshadda*. In fact, they must be invaluable. We believe this enterprising and intrepid young officer is expected to arrive shortly from the coast of Africa; and it is almost needless to say, we shall hail his return to his native country with infinite pleasure. Lander has lost every symptom of his late severe indisposition, and looks as hardy as an Arab. He wears a luxuriant beard, which extends to his waist.

STATISTICAL SOCIETY: FIRST MEETING.

WE notified in the *Literary Gazette* of July 27th, 1833, the addition of a Statistical Section to the British Association for the Advancement of Science.

The eminent individuals who formed the committee of that section, after mature deliberation, considered that its great and important ends would be better attained by the institution of a separate society.

Following, therefore, the spirit of the instructions received by them at the Cambridge assembly in June last, a public meeting was called by circular, which set forth that the object of the institution was to collect and classify all facts illustrative of the present condition and prospects of society.

The meeting was held in the large room belonging to the Horticultural Society, on Saturday last, the Marquis of Lansdowne in the chair.

There were about 250 persons present; among the number were many individuals distinguished in literature and the sciences. The following resolutions were moved *seriatim*, and agreed to *nem. con.* :—That accurate knowledge of the actual condition and prospects of society is an object of great national importance, not to be attained without a careful collection and classification of statistical facts;

—that a society be established by the name of the Statistical Society of London, the object of which shall be the collection and classification of all facts illustrative of the condition and prospects of society, especially as it exists in the British dominions; and that the Society consist, in the first instance, of such of the present company as shall subscribe an obligation to that effect;—that the committee be empowered, until the day of the next meeting, to receive the signatures of additional members, and to admit them fellows of the Society. Messrs. Babbage, Jones, Hallam, and Drinkwater, were nominated a committee.

The yearly subscription was fixed at two guineas. M. Quetelet, of Brussels, to whom the formation of the statistical section of the British Association at Cambridge was mainly due, was, in compliment to him, unanimously elected the first honorary member of the Society.

The noble chairman, Mr. Goulbourn, the Lord Advocate, Mr. Babbage, Mr. Jones of the London University, Mr. Spring Rice, and Mr. Brunel, warmly supported the objects of this infant institution.

Lord Lansdowne informed the meeting that the government of the country would be glad to avail itself of the labours of the Statistical Society; which, in return, should have the assistance of government when it was necessary.

Mr. Goulbourn stated that one of the greatest difficulties he had to contend with, when in office, was occasioned by the incom-

plete and frequently erroneous statistical returns which were made to the executive or legislature.

LINNÆAN SOCIETY.

MR. LAMBERT in the chair.—Read additional observations on the *Tropaeolum pentaphyllum* of Lamarc; and also remarks on some British ferns, by Mr. Don, librarian; several species having been added to the British Flora by Sir J. E. Smith and others. The object of the author of this paper was to ascertain how far these were entitled to be considered distinct species. He says, that *Aspidium dumetorum* of Smith is founded on a singular variety of *A. dilatatum*. The Welch stations for *Cystea dentata* and *regia* belong to *Cystea fragilis*. Mr. Lambert exhibited specimens of the tree which yields the cascarilla bark. It is a species of *eroton*, and is a native of the province of Vera Cruz, Mexico. A comparison of samples of the bark with others from Apothecaries' Hall, leaves no doubt of the identity of the species. Mr. Ward exhibited specimens of the fruit of the *Lecythis ollaria* and *Adansonia digitata*.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

MARCH 12. Mr. Greenough, president, in the chair.—Colonel Pasley, the Knight of Kerry, and other candidates, were elected fellows; and a letter, addressed to Dr. Fitton by Mr. Babbage, on the Temple of Jupiter Serapis, near Puzzuoli, was read.

WESTMINSTER MEDICAL SOCIETY.

Medical Reform.—March 15. Dr. Copland in the chair.—The president announced that the committee appointed to draw up a petition to parliament had fulfilled this duty, and that the secretary would now read it to the Society. The secretary accordingly read the petition, which prayed the interference of the legislature in correcting the abuses which existed in the constitution of the medical corporations; amongst these abuses, it specified the division into fellows and licentiates of the members of the College of Physicians, the exclusion of the members of the College of Surgeons from all interference in the affairs of the College, the trading character of the Apothecaries' Society, and the absence of all control over the chemists and druggists who officiate as apothecaries of other countries without being subjected to any examination. It prayed the honourable house to institute an inquiry into these matters, and promote the interests of the profession and the public by a salutary medical reform. Dr. Ryan moved that the petition be adopted by the Society, and Dr. Johnson seconded the motion, which was carried unanimously. The president congratulated the meeting on the amicable and satisfactory termination of their labours on this difficult and important subject; and, after a short discussion, in which Mr. Costello, Mr. Greenwood, Dr. Johnson, and Mr. Hunt, took part, the meeting adjourned.*

ENTOMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

THE meetings of this Society are held monthly at the Society's rooms. At the meeting in Feb. various interesting memoirs were read, especially one by Mr. W. Christy, on a small species of weevil which is found in preserved marimand-stones; Observations upon the economy of a species of nest-making butterfly, from Mexico, by Mr. Westwood; Descriptions

* On the important subject of medical reform we have received so many communications, that we hardly dare take it up; as it is, however, of extreme interest in every point of view, we shall endeavour to bestow upon it our earliest and best attention.—*Ed.*

of various species of insects found in mummies, by the Rev. F. W. Hope. Mr. Pettigrew made some additional observations upon this subject, and exhibited the head of a recently opened mummy, and also some medallions of the sacred beetle of the Egyptians. At the meeting in March, letters from Professor Audouin, of the *Jardin des Plantes*; Dr. Gravenhorst, of Breslau; M. de Haan, of Leyden; and Signor Passerini, of Florence, were read. The president, Mr. J. G. Children, exhibited specimens of insects brought home by Captain Ross and his nephew (who were present among the visitors, and) upon whom he passed a high encomium, not only for their gallant exploits, but also for the zeal which, in spite of danger, they had shewn for the cause of science. Two cases of Arctic insects were also exhibited by the permission of the Zoological Society, which had been brought to this country by Captain Lyon; some of which formed the subject of a paper read, upon the crustaceous genus *Arcturus* of Latreille, by Mr. Westwood: one species was stated to be an inhabitant of our shores. A paper of much interest was also read by Mr. Hope, upon insects and other natural productions preserved in amber, and which he was induced to consider as antediluvian. A description of a fine new long-horned beetle from Singapore, named *Prionus Hopei*, by Mr. Waterhouse, and a paper upon the habits of the British burrowing sand-wasps, by Mr. Shuckard, were also read. Mr. Hope exhibited a remarkable horned scarabaeus, from Venezuela, brought home by Sir R. K. Porter, and deposited in the Naval and Military Museum: this Mr. Hope proposed to name *Golofa Porteri*, the former being its Indian appellation.

LITERARY AND LEARNED. ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

MARCH 5 and 19.—At both of these meetings Colonel Leake presided; and at each, a farther portion was read of Mr. Hamilton's translation of Mr. Süvern's dissertation on the "Birds" of Aristophanes.

The subject of the drama having been shewn to be the celebrated Sicilian expedition, it follows that the principal characters in the former must be represented in those of the latter. These were, respectively, Alcibiades and Peisithetairos; accordingly, the personal qualities of Alcibiades, and the share which his persuasive eloquence had in originating the expedition, are closely imitated in the character of Peisithetairos, and in the means adopted by him to influence the birds to the preposterous scheme which forms the subject of the comedy. In addition, however, to its chief type, this personification appears to include historical portraits, more or less distinctly apparent, of other individuals; in particular, the sophist Gorgias, at that time an important demagogue at Athens, seems to be intended in many of its traits.

Euclides, *waz*, or servant to Peisithetairos (a name allusive to the ridiculous and extravagant hopes founded on the expedition by the populace), probably represents Polus of Agri- gentum, a subordinate rhetorician associated with Gorgias. Again, under the fanciful character of the Eops, or hoopoe, are discoverable the features of Lamachus, one of the generals appointed to the command of the undertaking satirised by the poet. Proceeding with his subject, the writer adduced from various passages, more especially from an analysis of the speech of Peisithetairos to the birds, proofs of the correct application of the drama, as before established; together with explanations of many clever satiric touches, reflecting upon the arti-

fices of those unprincipled demagogues who possessed the chief influence in Athenian affairs, and upon the puerile weaknesses of the deceived multitude; the whole exhibiting a very lively picture of the manners of the time.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

MR. HUDSON GURNEY in the chair.—A further portion was read of Mr. Ottley's paper on ancient writing. This essay displays immense research and learning; but being very long, and read in detached portions, it is quite impossible to give any proper analysis of it.

FINE ARTS.

SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS, SUFFOLK STREET.

THIS exhibition will open to the public on Monday next. From a first view, although under circumstances not peculiarly favourable to the inspection of works of art, we are nevertheless enabled unhesitatingly to say, that it contains an assemblage of the productions of artists, already high in public estimation, superior to any former display in the same gallery. The spirit of emulation has at no time, since the establishment of the Society, been more fertile or more fortunate in its results. Not having the advantage of a catalogue, we can, at present, speak only generally of some of the most striking of these performances, postponing particular comment to another opportunity. With the exception of portraits, the interest of the exhibition will be found principally to arise from views, exterior and interior; more especially in Spain, from the pencils of D. Roberts and S. Davis. Linton has shewn his powers to great advantage in a classical composition, "The Ruins of Carthage;" and Hodland in one nearer home. The landscapes of the Creswicks are very attractive, as are those by Holland, Stanley, Stark, Tennant, Earl, &c. R. B. Davis, both in his views and in his animal subjects, has been more than usually successful. In familiar and still life there is abundant variety, contributed by Inskip, Derby, Stevens, Edmonstone, Fraser, Farrer, Shayer, Prentice, Holmes, Clater, Lorsdale, jun., Parker, &c. In coast scenery, J. Wilson, Chambers, Pyne, Childe, &c., have distinguished themselves. The portrait department is replete with talent, as will be seen in the works of Lonsdale, Mrs. W. Carpenter, Mrs. James Robertson, Hurlstone, &c. The drawings have this year fallen short in number; but the character of those which appear, as well as of the miniatures, is of a high quality; of which the performances of Bartholomew, H. Martens, Mrs. James Robertson, &c. will afford sufficient proof. From this brief bill of fare, the admirers and encouragers of native talent may anticipate the treat which is prepared for them; and we hope their patronage will be in proportion to the gratification which they will receive.

ARTISTS' COLLEGE.

B. B. CABELL, Esq. in the chair.—The secretary read the report of the committee. It recommended that five acres of ground, five miles from the General Post-office, in St. Martins-le-Grand, value 200*l.*, be bought, so soon as the funds of the Society should amount to 1000*l.*; that a building be erected on this ground, capable of accommodating one hundred artists, with a gallery for the reception of their works; that voluntary contributions be received; that every subscriber of ten guineas be a governor for life, and every subscriber of fifty guineas be eligible as president. Meri-

torious artists alone to receive the benefit of this institution;—the artists were those professing sculpture, painting, and architecture. The report concluded by stating, that a deputation had waited on Sir John Soane to request his advice and assistance; of which Sir John gave an assurance. Mr. Robertson objected to the proposition of a public subscription; and moved as an amendment, that it be omitted. Though supported by Mr. Brockedon, the amendment was negatived, and the report agreed to. It was also voted that instructions be given to the committee of management to aid the funds by the sale and exhibition of pictures contributed by artists. A committee was then named, and Mr. R. B. Davis was elected honorary secretary; after which the meeting separated.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

SONG: THE HOMEBOUND BARK.

'Tis the winter deep!
And the sea-fowl sweep
Afar o'er the gloomy tide;
And the wild waves dash,
'Neath the signal's flash,
Where the foamy tempests ride.
And dark and drear,
On the seaman's ear,
Hangs the vulture's ravening cry;
Like the startling breath
Of some fiend of death,
In wait for the souls that die.
The sails are rent—
The stout mast's bent—
And the helm and bowsprit gone;
And fast and far,
'Midst the billowy war,
The foundering bark drives on.
The shriek and prayer,
And the wan despair,
Of hearts thus torn away,
Are seen and heard
By the ravening bird,
In chase of his drowning prey.
Oh! many a sire,
By the low red fire,
Will wake through this night of woe;
For those who sleep,
'Neath the surge's deep,
Ten thousand fathom low.
And many a maid,
In the lonely glade,
For her absent love will mourn;
And watch and wail
For the homebound sail
That will never more return.
Mourn not for the dead,
On their sandy bed,
Nor their last long sleep deplore;
But mourn for those,
In their home of woes,
Who weep for evermore!

C. SWAIN.

MUSIC.

VOCAL SOCIETY.

THE sixth and last concert of the season took place on Thursday night; but we must reserve the particulars for next week.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

WHEN Music, heavenly maid, was young—says Collins, which reminds us that, among other things, we are very apt to defer our notices of musical publications till the music, whether heavenly maid or not, is old; and that again reminds us of Gray.—*Peccavimus.*

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The New Musical Bijou. Edited by W. M'Korkell. London. Cocks and Co. A VOLUME of eleven vocal and eleven instrumental (nine piano-forte, and two harp) compositions; which we like much. It is *bon à faire* a music-book, without memoirs of extraordinary prodigies, or lithographed likenesses of favourites, to fill up what may be wanting in the main fabric. Most of the pieces are of the best kind, to which Beethoven, Moschelles, Weber, and Diabelli, contribute sweetly. Though the name M'Korkell itself is pretty and lively, what between C. and W. Mack—we are not sure that it does not figure rather too prominently in the *Bijou*.

The Musical Keepsake, Vol. I., for 1834. Longman and Co.

Very prettily got up, and very bad in almost every other respect.

The Old Irish Gentleman. By A. Lee. D'Almaine and Co.

An imitation of the *Old English Gentleman*; but we have heard one much more humorous, sung with great effect in a convivial meeting by Mr. Hudson (we think), after the former. The old hall in this was a hotel, and when the time came, it was not the good old gentleman, but the pig, that must die—to pay the *rent*.

Waltz for the Piano-forte. Composed by Miss Ellen Glascock.

THE production of a mere child, the daughter of Captain Glascock, who has shewn that in music at least she inherits her father's talents. It is a very clever and pretty waltz, which we cordially recommend to our young friends.

By the Margin of fair Zurich's Waters. (A Swiss air, sung by Vestris in the "Beulah Spa.") By Louise S. Dance. Chapell. I'll make him speak out. (In the same.) By C. Dance.

Born already sanctioned by popular applause, these airs are deservedly public favourites. For private singing, the first is installed in our pet list, as one of the very prettiest of this style of song.

List to me. (In the "Welsh Girl.") The words by J. Planche, adapted by J. Parry.

THE original melody, "the Mountain Fairy," is extremely sweet; and we need hardly add our praise to a composition so generally admired. The overture to the same piece, also by Mr. Parry, is simple and beautiful.

The Pioneers, (Quadrilles). By S. Phillips. White.

A NICE and pleasant set, the young ladies assure us; but to our ear they seem to be all too much alike.

Think of me, &c. The Poetry by L. E. L.; the Music by S. Godbe. Turner.

THE commencement is charming enough, but the author falls off afterwards. It is curious to observe how seldom the exquisite words of L. E. L. have been well set to music. With the exception of one piece by Donald Harris, and another or two by we forget whom, we cannot call to mind, out of many attempts, any made successfully to adapt her fine poetry to adequate melodies.

The Star of Bethlehem. By Mrs. J. Farmer. D'Almaine.

THE words are Kirke White's, the music simple in construction, but interesting in effect. The change from a minor passage gives added

brilliance to the concluding verse. We have greater pleasure in recommending this pleasing composition—no note rising beyond F, so that the whole is within the compass of the ordinary female voice—because we are informed it is the first effort of a widowed mother to support an infant family by her professional talent.

La Clef des Coeurs. Par C. M. Sola. Duff. A ROMANCE sung by Malibran—pretty words, and sweet music. Sola is certainly the composer for the elegant and graceful *désaslement* of the fair.

Merrill's 1st and 2d Nos. of Congregational Hymns. Duff and Co.; Cramer and Co.; Falkner; Goulding.

WE are glad to see some simple sacred music, requiring only a piano-forte and voice for its execution. Something of this kind has long been wanted for the home circle. *The Rose, the sweet blooming Rose*, by the same, is one of his best songs.

Récréations Musicales, &c. By Henry Hertz. Goulding and D'Almaine; Paris, Trouppen; Mayence, Schott.

WE are ashamed of not having noticed these striking acquisitions to the music-room before now, for they have long contributed much to our delight. The airs are selected from the most popular French, German, and Italian composers, and admirably arranged for the piano-forte, by one of its most distinguished masters.

Go, happy Rose. By T. H. Severn. Novello. QUITE in the ancient style, and sung by Miss Clara Novello as it ought to be.

DRAMA.

A WINDING-UP week with the minors—benefits, the repetition of familiar pieces, &c. At the large houses as before—a ballet for a play, and a show for an entertainment. Since there is nothing better, the lovers of the Drama must be glad that there is nothing new.

THE DRURY LANE FUND.

THE anniversary, on Wednesday, was numerously graced; the Marquess of Clanricarde in the chair; and nearly 12000, reported as the amount of the subscription.

Among the social attractions, Fitzwilliam's comic description of the Polar enjoyments of Capt. Ross and his crew, and M. Mason's performance on the violin, were the most novel. Mr. Harley was, *ex-officio*, the public orator; and we read in the *Times* that he said, "the stage holds up the mirror to nature (*puris naturalibus*), reflects the *Virtues*, the follies, and the vices of mankind. *Virtue* is its friend and patron; Folly stands self-reproved, blushes at her own ridiculous figure, and reforms; but Vice has no delight in its instructive impersonations, and is, consequently, its *inveterate foe*." * * * Unless you pronounce that the theatre is a vain amusement for the frivolous, you cannot but feel an interest in the welfare of its professors."

Referring to our remarks last Saturday, we shall only say now, that we shall be well pleased if the public can take Mr. Harley's statement to be better founded than ours. If the *Virtues* be indeed reflected from the Masked Ball, the Harem Bath, and the stage symposia; if Folly be reproved (we suspect it must literally be *self-reproved*); and if Vice has any other instruction but such as progressive vice delights to receive—from the stage, in its existing degradation, we shall be content to blush with Folly at our estimate. If not, perhaps, Harley

will favour us with a blush for the hardihood of his appeal. Still we agree most cordially, that the deserving persons on whose behalf the excellent institutions are patronised, ought not to suffer for the iniquities of the worthless corrupters of all that was ever estimable in the Drama.

VARIETIES.

Mr. Haworth's Herbarium.—Some months ago we gave an account of this most interesting collection, the new disposition of which we have now to notice. It has become the property of Mr. Fielding, of Stoddley Lodge, near Lancaster; and, for the sake of science, we rejoice to hear that he has also obtained from the varied stores of that great and industrious naturalist, the shells, corallines, fishes, crustaceas, &c. We understand the same gentleman is also in treaty for the valuable collection of insects.

The Army.—“The last resource of power; a tremendous weapon, which cannot burst without threatening destruction to all around, and which, if it were not sometimes happily so overcharged as to recoil on him who wields it, would roll all the slaves in the world of hope, and all the freemen of safety.”—*Mackintosh*.

Political Axiom.—“It is the policy of most parties not to discourage zealous partisans.”—*Ibid.*

M. Sennefelder.—The death of the inventor of lithography, in his sixty-third year, at Munich, is announced in the continental journals. His work on this subject was translated into English, and a review of it will be found in an early volume of the *Literary Gazette*, about the time that his countryman, Mr. Ackermann, contributed so effectually (after it had been previously tried ineffectually) to introduce the new art into England.

American Anecdote of fast Driving.—“I once took an Englishman with me in a gig up Allibama country, and he says—‘What's this great churchyard we are passing through?’ And, ‘Stranger,’ says I, ‘I calculate it's nothing but the mile-stones we are passing so slick.’”—*Jacob Faithful*.

French Literature.—In 1833 the publications in France are stated to have consisted of 275 vols. of poetry and songs, 532 works on science, 355 novels, original and translated, 213 historical, 102 philosophical, 170 travels and fine arts, 235 theology, 179 dramatic, 604 reprints of foreign works, and 4346 miscellaneous tracts, pamphlets, &c.—Total 7011.

Rheumatism.—“I am troubled with a strange kind of rheumatic affection in my arm,” said a well-known, though rather *seedy*, Irish wit, the other day, to a friend. “It allows me to do some things, but prevents me from doing others. For instance, I can put my hand into my pocket with all the ease in the world, but I never can take any thing out!”

“*Sur la feuille d'un arbre*,” &c.
Chloe, I vowed, and vowed sincerely,
That I would ever love thee dearly;
On a rose-leaf, that, in my haste,
My hand had caught, the vow I traced.
Unlucky fate! A zephyr blew,—
Good by, leaf—and promise too!

R. H. T.

Spade Husbandry.—The striking and beneficial circumstances attendant upon the use of spade husbandry in the cultivation of certain soils for wheat crops, which are communicated in a circular letter, signed Arch. Scott, of Southfield, in East Lothian, deserve the best attention of all who feel the importance of the discussions on the corn-laws, poor's-laws, free-trade, and other portions of our complicated system connected or involved with these. The

proofs of success in this great experiment seem to be very conclusive; and though we have not room for a subject, (rather foreign to our especial objects, and which would require much space,) we are earnest in recommending it to the consideration of the legislature and the general public.

Cambridge Philosophical Society.—Dr. Clark, V.P., in the chair. A memoir was read by the Rev. J. Challis, containing new researches in the theory of the motion of fluids. The Rev. T. Chevallier described experiments which he had made on the polarization of light by the sky. The general results were, that light is polarized by the clear sky; that the effect begins to be sensible at points thirty degrees distant from the sun, and that the greatest quantity of polarized light proceeds from points at ninety degrees distant from the sun,—a fact which seems to indicate that the reflection, which occasions the polarization, takes place at the surface of two media as nearly as possible of the same density. It was also stated, that though the light of the moon or of clouds shews no trace of polarization, a fog, when on the point of clearing off, lets polarized light through, when it's breaking up has not yet begun. Mr. Chevallier remarked, that he had not detected any appearances of polarization by transmission, though M. Arago had observed within a certain small distance of the sun, that the light was polarized in the opposite plane to that at a greater distance.

Cheltenham Literary and Philosophical Institution.—March 7, the Rev. Hugh H. Williams in the chair. Mr. Davies read the fourth and last lecture of the series “on the traditions and mythologies of the ancient world.” He held that from the evidence of profane, as well as sacred history, though idolatry had been common among the sons of Ham even from the time of Canaan, yet the descendants of Shem, through the line of Arphaxad, did not forsake the worship of the living God until the eighth generation. A rapid and animated review of the rise of mythology out of tradition was then given, and the influence exercised by poetry upon the religious systems of the ancient world strikingly illustrated, as well by example as by argument. The lecture being concluded, Mr. D. expressed a hope that some other member would take up the subject where he left it, and give a review of the progress of mythology through its later, as he had done through its earlier, stages. Thanks were unanimously voted for these four very able, learned, and eloquent lectures.—At the first general annual meeting of the Institution, the Rev. G. Bonner, one of the vice-presidents, in the chair, a very favourable report was read, and farther measures adopted to promote the “cultivation of literature and science, and the preservation of such works of art as tend to illustrate the progress of discovery and civilisation,” by public lectures and readings at regular periods; the purchase of the leading English and foreign scientific journals for the use of subscribers; the formation of a library of reference; the purchase of philosophical apparatus for the use of the lecturers and the members of the Institution; and by forming a museum of natural history, antiquities, and works of art and science, &c.

Having gleaned so much from the *Cheltenham Journal*, we trust it will contribute to the cause, if we add, from other sources, that after defraying all the expenses of a first year—necessarily the most expensive—the treasurer's account shewed a balance of 58*l.* in hand. 2d, that it is the intention of the committee to give another conversation before the winter is

over, and also to engage some popular lecturer to give a course of lectures to the institution, as soon as ever the metropolitan engagements shall release those professors upon whom the committee have decided. We may also observe, that in a recent notice of one of the lectures delivered by Mr. Davies, we were led, by the report, to view him as the sturdy opponent of those geologists who dissent from the Mosaic account of the creation on the literal interpretation. This we are now assured was an error thus far—that his lectures had nothing to do with geology, their subject being strictly the “traditions and mythologies of the ancient world.” As preferring truth to every thing, we hasten to correct this misconception, and cheerfully to join our applause with that which Mr. D. so justly received from those who had the pleasure to hear him.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

In the Press.

A new work is announced from the pen of Silvio Pellico, entitled the Duties of Mankind, translated by Mr. T. Roscoe; with Additions and Biographical Notices by Pellico's fellow-prisoner, Maroncelli.

The Physiology, Pathology, and Treatment of Asphyxia; including Suspended Animation in new-born Children, and from Drowning, Hanging, &c., by Dr. J. P. Kay.

A translation from the German work, entitled Philosophy of History, by Frederick von Schlegel, which comprises a course of Lectures on Ancient and Modern History, delivered at Vienna in the year 1828.

Wesleyan Takings; or, Sketches of eminent Preachers, with Remarks on their distinctive Particularities, &c.

Sixteen Discourses on the Liturgical Services of the Church of England, by the Rev. T. Bowdler, M.A.

A New System of Commercial Arithmetic, by William Scopes and Recollections of Fly-Fishing in Northumberland, Cumberland, and Westmorland, by Stephen Oliver, the younger; with wood-cut illustrations.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Hippopotology: a Systematic Treatise on the Disorders and Lamenesses of the Horse, with their modern and most approved Methods of Cure, by W. Percival, Vol. I. 8vo. 10*l.* 6*d.* cloth, (to be completed in 3 vols.)

The Life, Character, and Literary Labours of Samuel Drew, A.M., by his eldest Son, 8vo. 12*l.* cloth.

—The Georgics of Virgil, with Notes, critical and explanatory, by John Walker, A.B.; to which is subjoined Martyn's English Translation, 8vo. 6*d.* cloth.—A Memoir of the Life of Lady Jane Grey; addressed chiefly to young persons, 8vo. 4*d.* bds.—An Address to the Nobility and Landed Proprietors of Great Britain and Ireland on Agricultural Distress, by a London Merchant, 8vo. 3*d.* sewed.

—Tiptree Races, a Comic Punning Poem, by “C. C.”

Great Tatham, Essex, 12mo. 6*d.* sewed.—Faust, a Tragedy, by J. W. Goethe; translated into English Verse, with Notes, &c., by John S. Blackie, 12mo. 7*s.* 6*d.* bds.—

—A Practical Treatise on the Tour in Canada, by Adam Ferguson, 2d edition, to which is added a New Tour during a Second Visit, 12mo. 7*s.* 6*d.* cloth.—Practical

Geology during a Second Visit to Canada, 12mo. 2*s.* 6*d.* sewed.—The Practical Irrigator and Drainer, by George Smart, 8vo. 3*d.* edition, 9*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Pratt's Law of

Watching and Lighting, 12mo. 3*s.* 3*d.* sewed.—Illustrations of the Pilgrimage of the Rhine, folio proofs, 2*s.* 2*s.*; India

proofs, 3*s.* 3*d.* before letters, 4*s.* 4*d.*; with etchings, 5*s.* 5*d.*

—Tárver's French Phrasology, 12mo. 3*s.* bd.—Stibbings's Diamond Prayer, with Illustrations, 5*s.* cloth; 6*s.* 6*d.* roan.—Aikin's Natural History of the Year, 6th edition, 2*s.* 6*d.* hf.-bd.—Burns's Works, Vol. III. 5*s.* cloth.—On

Glorying in Christ; two Sermons, by B. W. Noel, B.A., 12mo. 2*s.* cloth.—The Haven of the Sea, a Series of Discourses to Fishermen, &c., by J. R. Cooper, of Emsworth, 12mo. 2*s.* cloth; 2*s.* sewed.—The Nicomachian Ethics of Aristotle, edited and illustrated by T. W. Lancaster, M.A. 8vo. 1*s.* cloth.—Our Town, or Rough Sketches of

Character, Manners, &c., by Peregrine Redcen, 2 vols post 8vo. 2*s.*—Recollections of a Naval Life, by Capt. James Scott, R.N., 3 vols. post 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.*—Finden's History of the Graces, royal 8vo. hf.-bd.—Moorcock's 1*s.* 1*s.* 6*d.* post 8vo. 4*s.* 6*d.*—India, 5*s.* 6*d.* post 8vo. 2*s.* 6*d.*—To Greenwich, 1*s.* 6*d.* post 8vo. 2*s.* 6*d.*—A New Collection of National Lyrical and Songs for Music, by Felicia Hemans, 8*s.* 6*d.* 12mo. bds.—Explanatory and Practical Comments, Vol. II. Romans to Revelation, 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.* cloth.—An Account of the Caves of Ballybunion, County of Kerry, by W. Ainsworth, Esq. 8vo. 4*s.* cloth.—Hartley Lloyd's Solitary Hours, 4*s.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

• We are compelled to postpone, among other articles, our review of “Salvador the Guerrilla,” the notice of the Royal Institution, &c. &c.

G. D.'s letter shall be referred to our critic on the Fine Arts.

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